



messing
about in
BOATS

Volume 30 – Number 6

October 2012

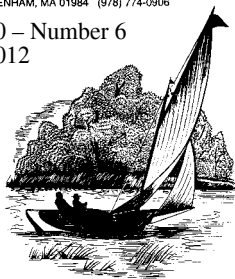
Special Features This Issue
Rowing on the Merrimack River
Main Duck Island – A Trip to James Bay 1987
Summer Comes to the Tiki Hut
Replanking a Winer Malone Abaco Dinghy



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

A major subject covered monthly on our pages is the building of, or otherwise working on, small boats undertaken by many of you. The ways in which this task is undertaken vary as widely as those of you doing them, and range from prolonged solo efforts to groups, organized (such as boat building classes) or unorganized. Amongst the latter that of Florida's Dave Lucas and his cohorts is unique.

Unique? Well yes, to begin with Dave has this spacious open air boatshed setup under a roof beneath the trees in Bradenton, which also includes convenient facilities for imbibing liquid refreshments when it is deemed time to do so. This peculiarity is made manifest in the name bestowed upon his place, Dave Lucas Boatbuilding & Tiki Hut Happy Hour Club.

Dave is an obsessive emailer of news and notes about what transpires day to day where about a half dozen of the chosen carry on an amazing number of projects, none of them as commercial ventures, but rather as individual exercises on what might be possible. He does not have a website, but rather emails directly to an extensive list, on which I have been fortunate to be included.

He sends out an awful lot of stuff, so much so that as a journalist I can see in it the possibilities for a periodic overflowing newsletter/magazine (online obviously). To best illustrate this to you, I have collected highlights from his June-August emails and offer them to you for your enlightenment on no less than eight pages in this issue. There was a whole lot more that got left out, believe me.

It is not yet clear to me after a couple of years of reading all of Dave's output exactly how the "group" that works (and drinks) at Dave's is constituted (like how did they get included). It is certainly a group of individualists, judging from their variety of projects and approaches to carrying them out, and this is emphasized by one of their "guidelines" described in the article, which states, "Don't even think about helping me!"

After you have read over the article you will probably become aware that these guys seem to do nothing else but work on their boats and, of course, use them after completion to see how they work out. Imagine being able to get up almost every day and go off to the "Club" and carry on with the project that is your current heart's desire. Dave and his chosen companions appear to be retirees (this has been specifically mentioned from time

to time), but some of them seem to me to be kinda young yet to have arrived at this stage in life. And while the sort of boats they seem to choose as projects are not overwhelmingly expensive choices, there has to be considerable expense for materials that are incorporated into the chosen boats.

Now over at the other end of the social scale we hear from the lone builders. Most of what comes in from you falls into this category. Of necessity working alone, the variety of projects is not so overwhelming as that of a group such as Dave's. Two more or less regular contributors to these pages exemplify the Lone Ranger approach.

Dan Rogers, now hidden off in the woods in northeastern Washington State, close to Idaho, seems to devote most of his time to rebuilding these days. When Dan first joined us he lived in San Diego and went sailing much of the time, as reflected in his stories. Around the time he relocated to the Pacific Northwest (inland) he took off on a long junket hauling his sailboat around much of the western US trying out all sorts of different sailing spots. While he continues to sail on his local lake and dips into small powerboating, too (he is obviously a skilled mechanic judging from the mechanical tasks he undertakes), the main focus of his reporting recently has been on saving a motley array of small boats. Even though he works alone in his big, well equipped shop, he carries out an amazing number of interesting projects, most of which turn up in due course on our pages. In this issue he reports on assembling a boat from leftovers.

Mississippi Bob Brown lives in Minnesota and in his "In My Shop" periodic reports tells us of his current building efforts. Bob is mainly a canoeist/paddler and in this issue, when describing his disappointment in his current project "failure," mentions that he has now built "over 50 boats that were so-so" but is still not ready to stop building. Bob is a retiree from the Coast Guard and a former lock keeper on the Mississippi (hence his nickname) and obviously gets to devote an enormous amount of time to his boat building.

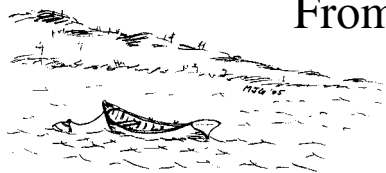
So how many of you are looking forward to your next (or ongoing) projects as winter closes in (except in Florida where Dave and others stuck way down south like him welcome the return of liveable temperatures outdoors)? I think readers would like to hear what you are doing if this is the case. Lets' hear from you!

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On the Cover...

Frequent contributor Dan Rogers took time out from his various ongoing projects and adventures last summer to spend a day introducing a 13-year-old youth to the attractions of sailing. He shares the experience with us in this issue.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)

Yesterday I went out to play aboard *MoonWind*. "Bit of a breeze out there," the launch driver said. I could see the flag at the head of the inner cove snapping; see the whitecaps awaiting me farther out. When it's fifteen, gusting to twenty, why bother with a jib? The smallest I own is a 120. I just wasn't in the mood for fighting the helm. I took a single reef in the main, started the motor for just in case, and cast off my mooring pendant.

I quickly zipped between the moored boats, came about, and headed out to the sound. The breeze was out of the NNW; the tide ran with me but soon would change. I traipsed along at three knots; I hardly heeled at all. I supposed I could shake out the reef in my main. Some of the many boats on the sound were under mainsail alone. Some had taken a reef. Some of them had full press of sail. Farther out, a couple of big boats flew brightly colored spinnakers. Having an ample waterline and a crew makes all the difference.

While I was absorbing all this data, I felt the first puff. Being reefed down, it scarcely heeled me over twenty degrees. The two-foot chop was not a nuisance at all. I left my main reefed and headed out to the Race. The Race is a five-mile gap between Long Island and Fishers Island. It's the eastern mouth of Long Island Sound and the ocean can be quite busy fitting through it. What makes it fun is the reef the breadth of the Race. It averages eighty feet in depth, but the waters on either side are three times that. When the water is in a hurry, some of it tends to go up and down a bit. Around the tip of Long Island, the current can reach five knots.

What a perfect place to play on a little boat on a breezy day. By the time I reached the Race, the chop was four feet and the water exceptionally wet. By the time I passed Valiant Rock and neared the lighthouse, the chop was five feet. The waves could not agree on one direction; the period between them rather diminished. Little *MoonWind* rolled and pitched and plunged and bucked. Oh yes; she yawed just a trifle, too. I had my hands full meeting each wave at such an angle as not to entirely drench me. At this I was quite successful, most of the time. The wind, of course, contributed what it could. I was glad it seldom exceeded twenty knots.

After half an hour of this, with limited forward progress, it occurred to me that, ahead, the seas seemed worse. I never worried that the waves would capsize my boat. I never worried that I might be flung to the fishes. I only worried that all that spray was dulling the bright work on which I'd lavished varnish. Why go to all that trouble only to have my bright work encrusted with salt?

I thought perhaps it was time to come about. There wasn't a proper gap between the waves. I waited until what seemed a propitious interval and put the helm down, hard. *MoonWind* staggered into the wind, but stalled and then fell off. It's tougher to come about without a jib. I hadn't much steerageway. My second attempt, I came up gradually, but couldn't get her quite to cross the wind. It wasn't quite rough enough to bury her bow; for that I was grateful.

I determined to jibe her before it grew any worse. The trick was to keep my footing. Falling across the cockpit would not facilitate maneuvers. Hip against the tiller, both hands trimming the main, one foot braced on the locker; all I saw was water; then all I saw was sky.

I jibed her without a problem. I even escaped some rope burn as the mainsheet flew through my hand. Amazing how warm, how quickly, that mainsheet gets. It's similar to picking up a hot ember off the hearth to toss back on the fire. You know you'll have but a moment to enjoy the sensation.

In twenty minutes, I could feel the diminution of the chop. But the tide was still determined to get through the Race, despite my advice. For another hour, I porpoised amid a moderate chop; the wind had abated some. Eventually, I wafted back to West Cove at a rousing two knots, too complacent even to shake out my reef.

I picked up my mooring pendant and squared things away. The launch appeared just as I fit my drop boards into their slot. "Find any wind?" the launch driver queried.

"Not close by," I replied. "But I went to the Race and found they'd saved me a capful."

"What's that crusty stuff all over your glasses?" the driver asked me.

"Oh, that," I replied, "That's from sticking my head in the sea to console the barnacles on my rudder for disturbing them."

"In that case," he said, "I needn't be bothered to tell you to go soak your head."

MoonWind at Large



SAILING HITHER AND YON

Written and illustrated by
Constant Waterman
(aka Matthew Goldman)

THE NEW BOOK FROM CONSTANT WATERMAN

Matthew Goldman and his sloop *MoonWind* constantly roam the waters of southeast New England, where these stories are centered. Each tale is short and sweet and imbued with a wry smile, an unquenchable love of boats, and joy for life. Not to mention the never-ending search for mermaids. . . .

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

30th Annual MASCF



On October 6 and 7 the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM) in St Michaels, Maryland, hosts the 30th Annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival.

On Saturday, museum boatyard staff and Chesapeake Wooden Boat Builders School instructors will be on hand to offer boat building workshops and maritime demonstrations. Beginning at 1pm, a lively race of small craft out on the Miles River can be watched from the museum's waterfront and docks. Festival goers can also vote for their favorite boat, with the People's Choice award and others announced Saturday evening among participants. On Sunday, festival goers are also invited to bring nautical items to swap or sell at a traditional swap meet.

For more information, visit www.cbmm.org/mascf or call (410) 745-2916.

Adventures & Experiences...

Old Sailors Rule

The rig on Andy Bartholomew's 50' trimaran, *Traveler*, which I designed many years ago, came down with him and I aboard in July. We were 500 miles north of Hawaii bound for San Francisco at the time, sailing in 15 to 20 knots of wind with 9' seas. We were carrying a working jib and a double-reefed main. Our boat speed was over 9 knots. The cause of the dismasting was a chainplate toggle that didn't match the turnbuckle.

It took a day for us (Andy is 76 and I am 86) to get the deck squared away, spars secured and sails stored. The carbon fiber wing mast was damaged at the leading edge below the hounds. The damage occurred in a place where it couldn't have hit the deck, so perhaps it happened when it hit the water.

We got underway with a 185sf staysail. We hoisted the foot on the radar mast, which was well aft and secured the head as far forward as possible to windward. With 15 to 20 knots of wind, which we had all the way to Oahu, we were able to make 1.5 knots. It would have helped if we could have raised

the boom for a mast, but it was too heavy. Unfortunately, the boat didn't have a light spinnaker pole.

When we used the engine, which was more than half the time, we ran it at just 2,000rpm to conserve fuel. That brought our speed up to 4 knots. We had 50 gallons of fuel which got us within 130 miles of Oahu at which point we called the Coast Guard and asked for suggestions. They had the 200' University of Hawaii SWATH catamaran research vessel, *Kilo Moana*, divert to provide the 35 gallons of fuel we needed to get the rest of the way to Honolulu. The fuel transfer was done efficiently, using their 16' hard bottom inflatable and 5gal jerry cans tied to a trailing line.

Repairs to *Traveller* are underway at the University of Hawaii nautical training facility on Sand Island, Oahu.

Andy Bartholomew is a fine seaman and shipmate, which minimized his elderly guest's shortcomings. We were pleased to have been able to make it back to Honolulu with no more assistance needed. Thanks to those who helped at sea and with electronic communications!

Dick Newick, Sebastopol, CA

Some Lessons Learned

I have had my catboat in the water since the end of April and I'm starting to get the feel of her. My son and I had her out past the Westport (Massachusetts) sea buoy under power in 20kt breezes, but the better part of valor indicated that the already reefed sail should stay on the boom and in the crutch, at least until I gained some more experience.

I thought I would go all out (for the family's convenience) and get a slip instead of a mooring for her, but I quickly concluded that a slip is no place for a sailboat so I'm going to a mooring.

While bending on the catboat's sail, we found a light line sewn into the after end of the sail into the leech. I wondered about that line for some time, I knew it must have had to have some purpose but was the first time I had come across one. Well, I found out (from Calahan's old book *Learning to Sail*) that it's called the "leech line" and its purpose is to be used as a "puckering" string in case the leech gets too loose. He said that it is not a common fault, because in most cases the leech is too tight, if anything. Otherwise it is to be left alone.

But if the leech shakes (quivers), or has a tendency to fold over, it may be corrected by a slight tension on the leech line, since the sail derives much of its power not only from the wind blowing on it but also from the wind blowing cleanly off it. The wind must be allowed to flip off the leech without being hindered in any way, a leech that forms a pocket or changes the direction of the wind is a detriment to the boat's power.

Thanks to Bill Mayher's letter (March 2012) with the mention of the new website, OffCenterHarbor.com. It's truly a great addition to the literature of the small boat.

I would like to express my thanks to reader Nick Fast of Hilton Head, whose sug-

gestion about the method to handle a mooring without the necessity of going forward was ingenious. Now I have no excuse to ever leave the cockpit of my catboat either to anchor or to pick up a mooring.

Recently, however, while adjusting the gaff outhaul at her mooring, I did, in fact, leave the cockpit. I slipped and fell overboard, no laughing matter for an old guy. Anyhow, with aid of my son and the clever folding steps on the side of the rudder and on the transom, I was able to recover. Lessons learned, wear a life jacket and watch where I plant my feet.

Joseph Ress, Waban, MA

Phone Call No Boater Wants to Receive

On June 30, while attending the Wooden Boat Show in Mystic, I received a phone call that no boater who keeps a boat on a mooring or a dock ever wants to receive. Tom Shephard, who was also attending the show, called to say that he had been in contact with his son and John Guidera back in New Jersey. They reported that a tremendous thunderstorm had marched through southern New Jersey during the early morning hours. Winds reported to be in excess of 80mph had cut a wide swath through the area. Trees were down by the hundreds. Power was cut to hundreds of thousands.

John Guidera reported that there were problems at Union Lake, one specifically that affected me. My Core Sound 17 had been blown over onto its side and sunk. Tom said that John, his wife and daughter, Floyd Beam and some people I did not know righted the boat and emptied it of all water. While now in an upright position the boat listed for some reason to starboard. Mary and I decided to cut our vacation short by one day and headed home on Sunday.

When we arrived at the lake we found that Mother Nature had wreaked her wrath on the area. We also found the Core Sound floating but still listing to starboard, even though there was no visible water in it. After a careful inspection I discovered that the starboard watertight compartment I constructed was not quite watertight. While the boat was on its side the compartment filled with water and stayed that way when righted. I emptied the compartment with a small drilled hole and the boat once again floated correctly. It is nice to know that when a problem arises I have so many friends willing to help. Thank you, thank you, thank you!!!

Frank Stauss,

Information of Interest...

Piscataqua's Been Sailing a Lot

On August 31 the *Piscataqua* will have departed on her 150th trip, a special celebration sunset cruise with live music and refreshment. Since the *Piscataqua's* first sail in May through into summer, she has carried 614 students on field trips and education programs and 1,477 local residents and visiting tourists on public sails. Meanwhile, the *Adams*

has had 443 dockside visitors this season and continues to be a great link to the past.

Many thanks to all who have come sailing so far, every ticket purchased helps offset our cost to do the school groups programs in the fall and the spring. If you haven't sailed yet, make plans to come now and bring a friend!

We also want to thank all who have joined as members. Membership funds, along with public sail revenue, ensures that we can keep our field trips affordable for schools, youth groups and summer camps. Membership comes with benefits, including free sail passes, so please consider joining today!

Molly Bolster, Executive Director, The Gundalow Co, Portsmouth, NH, (603) 433-9595, www.gundalow.org

What's Happening in Buffalo

Way too much boat building. We have had 70 students from a bunch of area schools in building boats. We're also finishing up a contract that has us building five boats to go in the to be recreated Erie Canal. We have a replica War of 1812 bateau we're building and we just got a 30' Paul Gartside cutter hull that some patient guy was building. The hull has been stripped up and he got a bunch of laminated frames in but she's unfinished beyond that. If funds can be raised there's talk about finishing her as an 1812 topsail sloop.

Other than that we've got a bunch of boats in the water and we have programs going to get kids out on the water. We're also still working on the renovations of this big building we have. Nights are starting to cool down into the 60s. The daytime weather is beautiful.

Roger Allen, Buffalo Maritime Center, Buffalo, NY, www.buffalomaritimecenter.org

Old Town Canoe Shop Coming Down

The Old Town Canoe Co shop is coming down this fall. The original Old Town Canoe Shop has been owned by the City of Old Town, Maine, since the shop completed its relocation approximately a year ago. Attempts by the city to utilize the site and existing structures have not been successful to date. A redevelopment opportunity that involves remediating the site is actively being pursued and plans are in place to tear down the factory this fall.

If anyone has an interest in site souvenirs such as bricks, lumber, etc, please get in touch with either myself (wrlovejoy@gmail.com) or David Wight at the City of Old Town (david.wight@old-town.org). The shop is essentially empty and nothing of material or scrap value remains.

Bill Lovejoy, Old Town City Councilor, Old Town, ME

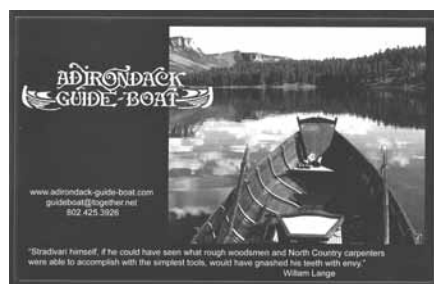
Learn to Back Paddle Also

Chuck Wright gives us a very good set of canoeing lessons in his "Communing With a Canoe Paddle" on page 20 in the August issue. I would only add to learn to back paddle, and practice it often. If you paddle alone and a strong wind comes along while you're out there, your destination had better be just about straight downwind. No matter how much ballast you may have placed up forward, you will not be able to paddle forward head to wind, or even across the wind.

However, you can make progress upwind or across by turning your back to the wind. The canoe will hang stern to all by itself. If you have the luxury of time to prepare before the wind hits, you could move to the forward seat and paddle facing forward with the same results. However, don't attempt to make such a move after the wind hits, the chance of being flipped during the move forward is high. If you have far to go, look for a lee behind an island, point, or breakwater to make your move forward.

Nick Fast, Hilton Head, NC

Adirondack Guideboat's New Catalog



Our latest catalog is out, 24 pages featuring all anyone ever needs to know about our firm, our Adirondack Guideboat, our products and the pleasures of rowing our

boats. It's all printed in wonderful color on heavy enameled stock, the photos alone will get you dreaming about getting out on the water in one of our boats. And included is a one hour DVD.

"Stradivari himself, if he could have seen what rough woodsmen and North Country carpenters were able to accomplish with the simplest tools, would have gnashed his teeth with envy." (William Lange).

Adirondack Guide-Boat, Charlottesville, VT, (802) 425-3926, guideboat@together.net

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Maynard Bray, Ben Mendlowitz, Bill Mayher, Eric Blake, Steve Stone,

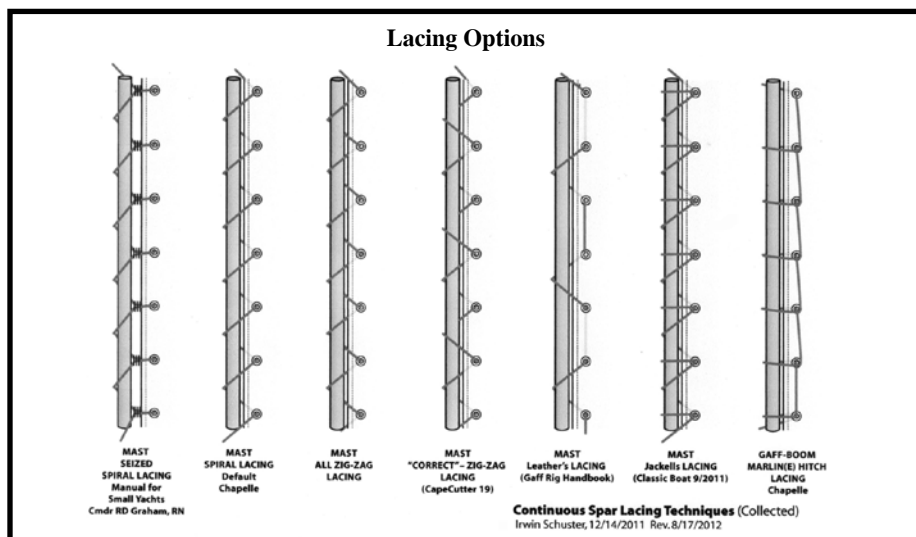
Opinions...

Right On!

I loved the letter "A Boating Safety Paradigm for Our Times" by Burton Blais. Right on! I'm saving that one.

Bruce Waddell, Mercer Island, WA

Information Wanted...



A while back, I catalogued a half dozen ways to lace sails because I could find no listing and was looking for a probable technique to replace hoops on the tiny model *Butt Head* Gulf Coast Scow Schooner I was building at 1/96; LOD about 4.7". Making the hoops of flattened copper wire was not a problem but attaching them to the sails turned out to be.

In my research, I found that lacing was more common than I imagined in the late 1800s, early 1900s. One can readily understand that fabricating hoops and replacing them if damaged, would be more problematic than lacing, particularly away from densely populated areas where chandleries were far between. In general, lacing allows the sail to be snugged to the spar but it quickly loosens as the sail folds, when the halyard is released.

And yet another lacing is described in *A Manual for Small Yachts* by Commander R.D. Graham, R.N. and J.E.H. Tew, A.M.I.N.A., published by Blackie & Son Ltd, London & Glasgow, as reprinted in *MAIB*, August 2012, Pg 47. The original date of publication appears to be 1946 although the text reads as if somewhat older.

"As an alternative to mast hoops a lacing can be fitted; a seizing is put on at each place where it passes through the eyelets. The lacing should go round and round the mast (not as advocated for trysail lacing) and be lightly greased."

This, schematically, is what I take away from that description, alongside the other options located earlier. If anyone knows of others, let's hear about them.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL, Irwin.Schuster@verizon.net

This Magazine...

Had to Give Up a Lot of Things

I have enjoyed your publication for many years now but sadly can no longer read the tiny print! I have had to give up a lot of things as I have gotten older. I retired at the age of 51 in 1974 and went into the bush, built a solar oriented home with solar panels and a small hydro system, living off the grid happily. I even built a solar powered boat (I was six miles from the Town of Tofino in British Columbia) that I could use in the summer for the trip to town. Thanks for the many issues you have put out and that I have been able to read. I feel that we are kindred spirits for sure. The best part of the *MAIB* was your comments on the front page.

Spencer Baird, Tofino, BC

Amazed at Quality of the Writing

I purchased a couple of boxes of your back copies last spring and now halfway through one box I am amazed how the quality of the writing is maintained, you are to be congratulated. Robb White was quite a character and I am so glad to be able to read, in retrospect, his articles and musings.

Keith Elms

Imagine My Excitement

We were in Europe last fall and our housesitters collected all my issues for me. You can imagine my excitement to find FIVE unread issues awaiting my return. Thanks for making this a great magazine!

Johannes Schul, Columbia, MO

25th Renewal

I began my subscription to *MAIB* at the same time that I bought my Highliner Peapod in February 1987. What a pleasure it is writing this renewal check for the 25th time. Thanks for a quarter century of pleasure.

Wayne Donelson, Ashburnham, MA

Fresh Breezes

I owe you a gazillion thanks for creating and sustaining *MAIB*. We are now in an age of technology, children are now born clutching computers, we are suffocating our planet with noxious molecules in earth, water and sky. Even communications by electrons are going God knows where!

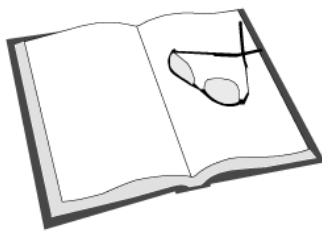
You can't hack postal mail and you can't find opportunities for over-the-fence casual talk. Talking is digital but the Gettysburg Address didn't need a PowerPoint projector.

Your periodicals are the fresh breezes of common sense in contrast to the daily commercials on gadgets, gizmos and cosmetics that were just invented today and will be outdated tomorrow.

You can't change humankind but you can keep giving your readers a sense of doing things simply, not with overkill. Bob, you are the Pogo of boating, "We have met the enemy and he is us!"

Dick Wagner, Center for Wooden Boats, Seattle, WA

Editor Comments: I plan to continue along this commonsense course as long as I am able and there continues to be enough of you out there interested enough to continue supporting us.



Book Review

Dorade

The History of a Racing Yacht

By Douglas D. Adkins,
Godine Publishing, Boston, 2012

Reviewed by W. R. Cheney

"Why would anybody name such a beautiful boat after a ventilation system?" was the question asked by a dockside stroller when he spied a graceful wooden yawl with the word *Dorade* proudly emblazoned in gold leaf on her transom. The answer, of course, is that nobody ever did. Quite the reverse, the *Dorade* Vent was named for the boat. It was one of the many innovations in both design and equipment which made the *Dorade* a breakthrough creation which would change the history of ocean racing under sail.

Prior to *Dorade's* appearance on the ocean racing scene, ocean racers had tended to be rather beamy gaff-rigged schooners, cutters and ketches descended from working sail. Ballast was at least partially in the bilges, and a seakindly motion along with a robust build led to yachts which were faster than their working ancestors but remained roomy, comfortable and safe, well suited to cruising as well as racing. This type found perhaps its most ideal form in the Alden Malabar schooners which dominated ocean racing for many years.

In May of 1930 a sleek Marconi-rigged yawl slid down the ways at Minneford's yard on City Island, New York, that would change all this forever. Relatively small at 42' on the waterline, she was narrow and deep, drawing 8'3" with all 16,600lbs of lead ballast outside. At sea she would not always be dry and, while running, her tendency to roll could be extreme. Below, her narrow hull dictated the form of bunks which were likened to coffins. Clearly the requirements of comfortable cruising were secondary here. This was a pure racing machine.

Critics said that a boat of her general characteristics, small size and relatively light construction would not be safe under the rigorous conditions likely to be encountered in ocean racing and should not be allowed to compete at all. But as victories continued to pile up, including the Transatlantic Race of 1931 and the Fastnet Races of '31 and '33, the critics were silenced. In fact, *Dorade* proved to be able to carry sail long after many of her larger and more traditional rivals could not and she won race after race, beating many much larger boats in the process.

The story of *Dorade* is also the story of her then youthful designer, Olin Stephens.

Stephens and his brother Rod Jr were able to take full advantage of the faith placed in them by a rich and indulgent father who backed their yachting interests and ambitions to the hilt. While their peers were following the more standard course of formal education, the Stephens brothers were learning the nuts and bolts of yacht construction, design and sailing on a wide ranging series of family owned boats. They learned well. By the time Olin designed the epoch making breakthrough *Dorade* at the tender age of 29, he already had a number of successful designs behind him and was well known to the readers of *Yachting* and *The Rudder*. Brother Rod Jr was famous as a technical innovator, inventor, rigger and consummate racing skipper.

Dorade's career under a series of owners is detailed here along with mention of Olin Stephens' continuing success as he took over Alden's role as pre-eminent designer of ocean racing yachts with a long list of superlative racers including *Stormy Weather*, *Brilliant*, *Bolero* and the successful cup defender *Columbia*. Among this long list of design triumphs, Olin Stephen's best love remained his first love, *Dorade*, the only boat he actually ever owned. While he admitted that technically she was not the best boat he ever designed, she was the one that first brought him fame and the one which remained closest to his heart.

In the course of *Dorade's* long career (at age 82 she is still successfully competing in classic boat races today), years of victory and renown were eventually followed by some vicissitudes, an owner or two who was less than responsible, the inevitable effects of age and a short period in history when classic wooden boats were not wholly recognized as the treasures they are today. The story here reminds me a little of *Smokey* by Will James, a novel readers of a certain age will remember about a cow pony who is separated from a doting owner and lives a hard life in the rodeo circuit for a long time, only to be reunited with those who love him toward the end of his career.

Dorade did have her trials, including an inebriated owner at one point who had to be restrained from dancing naked on her deck on the eve of one of the Swiftsure races in British Columbia and who, along with at least some of the crew, seemed to have still been somewhat under the weather in the race the next day when they managed to put her aground twice and then collided with and sank another contestant. There were times, too, when she needed work and it seemed no one would come along to foot the bill. She was donated to a museum, but the museum was unwilling to carry her and she was auctioned off for a pittance. The story could have ended there, or soon after.

Just in time, a rich Italian bought her and had her shipped to Cantiere Navale dell'Argentario in Tuscany where Federico Nardi was pioneering in the restoration of important classic yachts. Here *Dorade* underwent the first of two major restorations and her story has been gratifyingly upbeat from thereon. Olin Stephens was frequently reunited with her both in Italy and back in this country when she returned here with new owners. Once again she is in Bristol condition and her true value is recognized. She is with people who love and care for her properly. Like the little horse "Smokey," she has come home.



Sailing in the Small Reach Regatta off the coast of Maine, out of Lamoine State Park was one of the best experiences of my life. The weather was beautiful, except for Friday when there was “light air” for an hour or more at a time. There were 49 boats in the fleet, made up of varying sized vessels, wood and hand-crafted. There were some exquisite boats!

I sailed with Mike Wick, my neighbor, as crew. He was a very patient teacher to a neophyte like me. He was the skipper of the boat he built, *Moggie*. As a Melonseed, she is shallow draft, fairly temperamental and extremely quick to react to weight displacement. On the other hand, she was incredibly fast and nimble.

It was also fun to meet, sail and socialize with many new people who have impressive credentials in the sailing world. Many of these folks have been sailing and racing for 40+ years. Many have turned their passion into the energy to build the traditional boat(s) of their dreams.

While the Regatta was certainly a boat event, it also turned out to be a most amazing people event. Lots of friendships were struck during these several days in which people shared a common passion and a willingness to share in a common goal.

Helping each other was a predominant theme, whether on the water or sharing tips on land. This experience gave me a chance to witness a camaraderie that was somewhat unique. Sailors can be very humble, recognizing that they all make mistakes, learn from their mistakes yet find the determination to try again the next day. As they say, either you admit you have made the same mistake, or everyone knows you are lying.

Thursday began with getting all 49 of the boats launched, which was accomplished in a little over an hour! We then set sail for Thomas Island, about five miles away. The wind started out at about 5kts but continued

Small Reach Regatta

By Ron North

to build throughout the day to 10-15. We all experienced a lot of spray and occasional water over the rail. As crew, I tried to shield the skipper from the spray, ending up quite soaked but smiling as we clipped along under a full blue sky. We took a break on Thomas Island for lunch and then headed back to Lamoine with most boats choosing to reef.

Friday started out with a good wind from the NW, but that died late morning and we all had to resort to oars. We made Stave Island for lunch and as we finished a nice sea breeze began to pick up at about 5-10. Heading back towards Lamoine across Frenchman's Bay, the wind died just as we began to fight the incoming tide.

We picked up a welcome tow from a chase boat for a mile or so and then the wind again picked up. We dropped the tow and hoisted sail. The wind took us most of the way back to Lamoine, when it again went still. We finished our way into Lamoine under oar power. Along the way, I saw several small crabs hitching a ride on floating

kelp and seaweed. Life in the ocean looked very vibrant and strangely similar to their sailing human counterparts.

Saturday the forecast was for modest winds but as soon as we were in the water the winds began to pick up. We sailed to Bean Island, had lunch and made plans to explore Young's Bay on the way back. However, the wind continued to build to 15+ knots and each skipper decided to keep heading for Lamoine, with most under full sail. It was a spectacular run!

What a way to end three days of sailing! Lobster dinner was awaiting us upon our return. After we arrived at Lamoine, most boats that came in were beached to await trailering. After about two hours, most of the boats that were not moored for the night had been pulled out of the water onto their trailers and set in the trailer yard for pick-up. It was a marvelous choreography to watch and in which to participate (I took several turns cranking the winch). Afterwards the lobsters were definitely calling us.”



Rowing on the Merrimack River

And Some Observations From its Bank

Part 1

By Peter Jepson

If you ask Google what it can tell you about navigation on the Merrimack River in northeastern Massachusetts and southeastern New Hampshire, it refers you to 19th century news articles about canals being opened and improvements being made, but it does not offer any maps or much description of how far up you can row, which sections are rowable and which aren't, or where you can launch a boat these days.

So I decided to find out for myself and keep a log, to inform anybody else who would like to do the trip. The tidal section, up to Haverhill, is shown on NOAA charts all right, and after a lot of searching I found that the Merrimack River Watershed Council, which has its office in Lawrence, has for sale a nice map of the whole river, though it hasn't been revised since 1984 and they don't mention it on their website.

It shows the dams and waterfalls, "rocks, rapids and riffles" (though it doesn't distinguish between the three) and boat ramps. The lady in the MRWC office was very nice but her dog, a rather large one, had the strange habit of jumping up on me from behind.

My boat is a strip built open water rowing boat, basically a Whitehall shape but much narrower than traditional Whitehalls, with a sliding seat rig. I don't much like to scrape it against rocks or hit them with the oar blades. My normal speed through the water is 8-9km/hr, so the speed of the current in a lazy river is not a big problem.

Given that, and the facts that I would prefer to do the trip a little at a time, fitting it in with other activities, and that it's nice to see the river from both directions (particularly to take photos), I decided to row down and up the Merrimack, to take my car and boat to a ramp each day, explore part of the river and finish each day at the same place I started.

My boat, alas, is not one I can lift and carry over my head down a muddy bank; in fact, I don't try to lift it over my head at all. I can launch it by pushing it off the back of the road trailer directly into the water, or attach a two-wheeled dolly under the stern, lift the bow and maneuver it, so I need a ramp, or some semblance of a ramp, or another person's help, to launch the craft.

I built the boat about ten years ago. I designed it myself, after I measured up an old Whitehall hull and used that as the starting point. The strips and a lot of good advice about building came from Newfound Woodworks. The rig I bought from Voartex.

The oars I made last year while taking the course at the Wooden Boat School. They replaced a fine set of Ciolli racing oars which dated back to 1988 but which were, at 298cm, too long for this slower, open water boat. The new ones copied the Ciollis except they are only 290cm (and not hollow, to reduce the amount of work so I could get them made during the one-week course, but they don't feel heavy).



I needed shorter oars because the Ciolli oars felt very heavy (that is to say, hard to pull) in the open water boat and my stroke rate was lower than what's most efficient. With the new ones I row 22 strokes per minute when I'm cruising, 28 on a sprint. That's nothing like as high as people get in a racing shell, but it's fine for an old foggy like me.

To keep my camera safe, I bought a Dry-pak bag which fits under the rail the seat slides on and is held down with some bungee cord. My cookies went into the dry bag as well. There's space for stuff under the bow deck, but it can't be reached from the rowing seat. Actually, under the bow deck is an inflated bag of about 100 litres, and under the stern there are empty plastic bottles to the tune of 28 litres.

And I should add that I never go rowing without a life jacket, what is known as a Class IV, which is very short so it doesn't get in the way at all at the finish of a stroke and which can be inflated in a moment from a CO₂ cylinder in its pocket, a head band with a little mirror on it and a sponge stuffed inside a bailing bucket.

Day One

I launched at the Water Street ramp in Newburyport, Massachusetts, just before the sun rose on August 23, 2011. The early start was because the river mouth, constrained as it is by stone jetties, is not a good place to be in a small boat at mid-tide (I don't know how fast the current actually runs, but it is said to set up standing waves) and high tide was around 7am that day. Between the mouth and Newburyport city there is a "bag," the river is very wide in Joppa Flats at high tide.

Usually in the early morning there is little wind, but that morning there was a sharp breeze from the northwest, and with the fetch, I had to work through quite a steep chop in the shallow water on Joppa Flats and past Woodbridge Island. After Woodbridge Island (or over it, for that matter, at high tide) the Plum Island bridge comes into view.

And so it was while I was bouncing up and down and my boat was being slapped on the side by each wave that I had my first practice in getting the dry bag out from the webbing under my seat, opening the bag and taking my camera out, changing the lens, taking a photo (Fig 1A) and then reversing the whole process, all while trying to hold on to the oar handles. The most succinct advice I can give to anybody else in that situation is to make sure you get the camera strap around your neck before it gets itself around one of the oar handles.

Plum Island is a long thin island running north and south and forming the coast. It is only an island because of a creek which meanders south from the Merrimack River, under this bridge and finally joins the Parker River, which enters the ocean round the south end of Plum Island. The Parker River, incidentally, and all the sheltered water behind Plum Island, is actually my home water. I've been rowing up and down it, for fitness and pleasure since moving to a place on the riverbank nearly 20 years ago.

Continuing east, I passed the entrance to The Basin. Until 1840 this was actually the mouth of the river. In that year a storm tore a hole through the beach where the mouth of the river is today, so there were two mouths. Over the years sand piled up at the old mouth and closed it, and left The Basin as a quiet backwater.

Forty years after the storm, incidentally, Moody Boynton, later inventor of the "bicycle railroad," claimed that what was by then the north end of Plum Island was still really part of the south end of Salisbury Beach (Salisbury being the town north of the river), which he then owned. He went to law over it, but lost.

I was surprised to see a couple of seals just inside the mouth of the river (but they weren't interested in me and they didn't wait while I took my camera out again, rather rudely). In the Parker River I only see seals in the spring and the fall. They are comical sometimes, they stick their heads up astern and watch me rowing for a while, then disappear for a minute before re-appearing exactly the same distance astern as the first time.

They probably are familiar with the sound of an engine but are intrigued by an unfamiliar sound, that of a pair of oar blades rhythmically plopping in and swishing out. If I stop rowing and back down towards the seal he disappears and I don't see him (or her) again.

I rowed to the mouth of the river and took a photo looking east. Of course, it shows nothing but sea and sky, being as Spain is well below the horizon, so I took another as I rowed back upriver (Fig 1B) and you can see the stone jetties going out to sea on both sides, built a hundred years ago to stop the river from changing its mind again about where it wanted to go. The fishing boat, heading out for its day's work, is, in fact, following the channel, which is rather zigzag.

Then I rowed up Black Rock Creek (that's the black rock on the left of Fig 1B) as far as I could before I was hitting the

Fig 1A The bridge to Plum Island



bank with an oar about every second stroke. It's hard to get around meanders when your steering relies on the view in a little mirror on a headband, but it's always nice to experience the peacefulness of a creek where the only sounds are the rustle of the wind in the tall grass and the birds. The birds!

There was a huge flock of tree swallows flying around. It was impossible to get a photo that did justice to the situation (Fig 1C), but I did get a decent shot when they settled on the grass stalks (Fig 1D). When finally I pulled myself away from the birds and the creek, I continued west along the north shore and, after waiting for a pause in the traffic and making sure I was clear of the Half-Tide Rocks, crossed the channel and returned to the Water Street ramp. My GPS showed that I had rowed 15km.



Fig 1C Swallows flying over Black Rock Creek

Fig 1D A small part of the flock



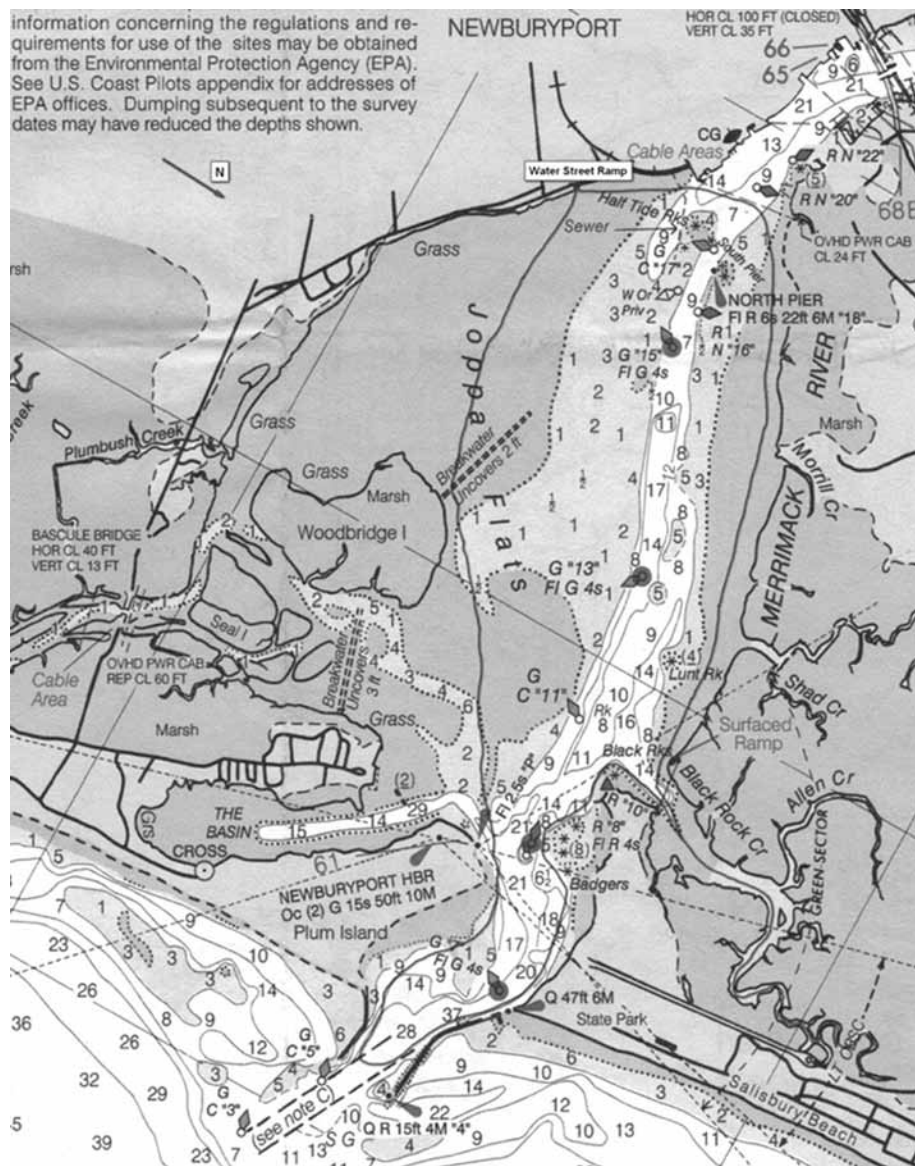
Day Two

The following morning I launched at the same spot (Fig 2A), but this time with the intent of rowing upstream. Starting just after sunrise, a little before high tide, allowed me to row both ways with the tide. The river in Newburyport is crowded with moored boats below the town centre, and above, marina jetties extend from the banks almost to the buoyed channel.

Fig 2A Early start from the Water Street ramp



Fig 1B The mouth of the Merrimack River



The road bridge (Fig 2B) has wide and high arches, but the railway bridge just beside it, which has sat swung open, unused and rusting since 1976, restricts the channel, and one has the choice of either using the main channel and risking close encounters with large motor vessels, or going to the side and risking tangles

with the marina jetties and moored boats. If you stop rowing long enough to read all the warnings posted on the railway bridge, you are almost certain to hit something.

Soon after those bridges, I was able to row behind Ram Island and return to a bucolic environment (Fig 2C) with only the

Fig 2B The road and rail bridges in Newburyport





Fig 2C Ram Island, with Newburyport behind

top of the water tower and a couple of church steeples as reminders of the vicinity of the city. The pole erected for an osprey nest, incidentally, appeared to be uninhabited. Newburyport would be a town by anybody's estimation, but it is officially designated a city and they don't like you to forget it.

Upstream of Ram Island the banks become steeper and there is little space between river and solid ground. But around the mouth of the Merrimack, all around the Parker River and, in fact, all along this coast there is a lot of salt marsh. A species of grass that enjoys being flooded with salt water twice a day might seem like nothing more than a scientific curiosity but, in fact, it's rather important to the character of the area.

Since the grass slows down water movement, sediment settles, and over the years the land level rises though, of course, it is a soft mushy land and, of course, it never rises above high tide level. In the end there are huge areas of this grass, dead flat, lush green in the summer and riven by creeks large and small. I imagine it's a good home for fish fry and all sorts of small creatures, certainly a lot of birds find their living in the marsh.

There are otters, too, though very rarely seen, and once, not long ago, I saw a beaver in the Parker River. I don't think it liked the salt water, though, because I never saw it again, or any sign of its presence.

In the old days, a lot of the grass was harvested because horses loved the salty taste. It needs to be near high tide level to grow; if it doesn't dry out enough between tides, it soon dies. So between the marsh and the river or creek there are, in most places, vertical banks a meter or two high. Below the banks, exposed at low tide, are gently sloping areas of mud, home to clams of many types.

Keeping to the north shore, I rowed behind Carr Island, then Eagle Island and Deer Island. The swing bridge onto Deer Island, having been bumped rather hard by a barge a year or two ago, is being rebuilt but it is possible to pass under it. As I did, a workman right above me complimented my boat, which is always nice to hear.

After the big noisy Route 195 bridge and around the bend, one passes the famous Lowell's Boat Shop on the Amesbury shore, and soon I was looking out for the Amesbury town ramp, which would be my turning point

for the day. Actually, it's opposite buoy 34, not buoy 35 as marked on the chart.

Returning, I kept to the south of all the islands so I went under the Chain Bridge (Fig 2D). This is advertised as the first bridge to be built over the Merrimack, but since it only goes to Deer Island I don't see that it's really much to boast about.

Gradually I sped up as the tide started to ebb, following the south shore after passing all the bridges and watching the various points of interest, the Coast Guard station (Fig 2E), Newburyport claims to be the place of foundation of the U.S. Coast Guard, the sewage treatment plant (no photo) and the American Yacht Club (Fig 2F). I had to be careful the current didn't smash me into a mooring buoy (they are huge) or a moored boat. So I returned to the Water Street ramp, 16km on the GPS.

Day Three

The next day I also had plenty of time to row, so I drove up to the Amesbury town ramp and launched there, a little later in the morning so that once again, after rowing upstream, I would turn around just as the tide was high and have the advantage of the current both ways. Across the river from the ramp is Maudslay State Park (Fig 3A), home to several families of eagles, but there was no sign of any as I passed.

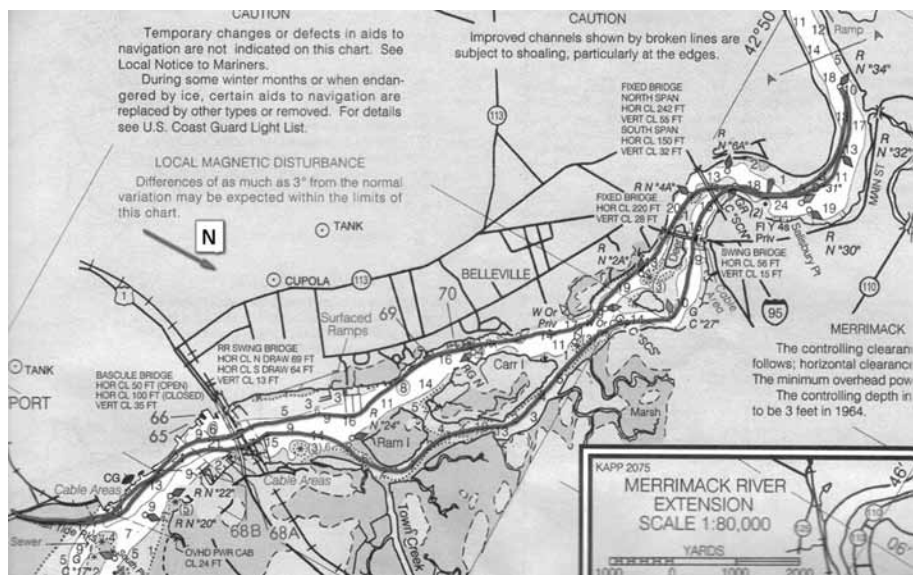
There was quite a breeze from the southwest, so I rowed up the south bank in the lee of the trees, even though it took me around the outside of the first long curve. The scenery is quite pleasant, once past the marinas of Amesbury (Fig 3B) with the occasional motorboat tied at a dock or moored and the houses on the banks mainly hidden in the trees.



Fig 2D Chain Bridge, with the Route 195 bridge behind



Fig 2E The Coast Guard Station



A hundred and fifty years ago I could have expected to meet steamers on this stretch, a steamship outing to the beaches, dance halls and other attractions of Plum Island was a great treat for the mill workers in Haverhill, Lawrence and Lowell on one of their rare holidays.

Fig 3A Maudslay State Park





Fig 3B Between Amesbury and Rocks Village

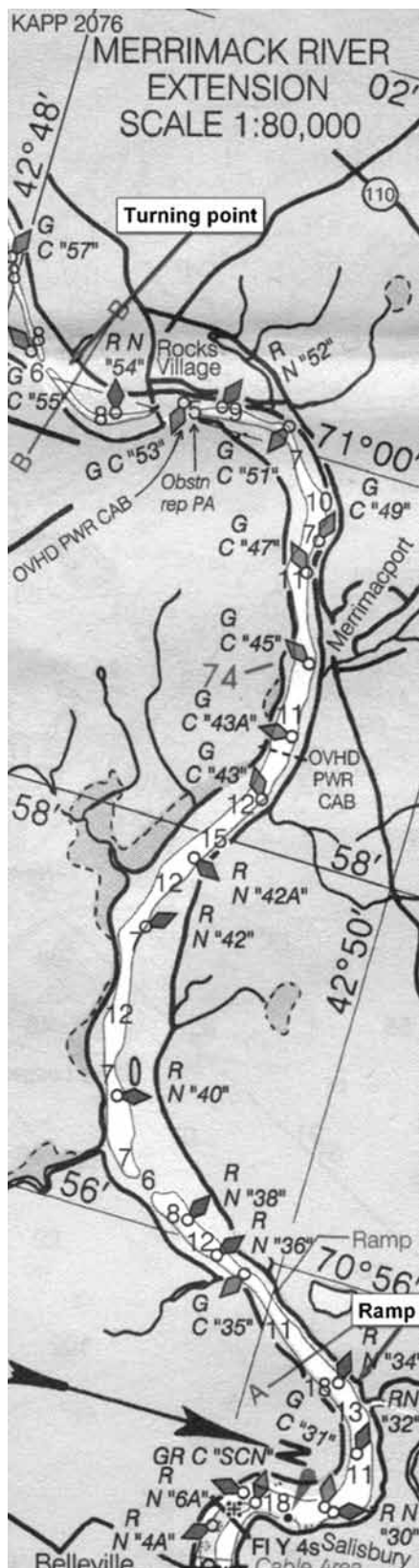


Fig 3C My turning point above Rocks Village, the flag was straight out stiff



rough water at times, my speed gradually increased until I came to shore exactly where I had started. Total shown on the GPS, 18km.

Not Day Four

A couple of days later, on August 28, the remains of the storm named Irene came through and, although there wasn't more than about 5cm of rain here, there was more, 8-15cm, to the west in the Merrimack's watershed. Still, two days later the Parker was back to its normal tranquil state and it was a fine morning, so I loaded the boat and drove up to Haverhill, where there is a public ramp on the south bank just below the city centre bridge, planning to row downstream to Rocks Village and back again.

But at the ramp the water was a lot higher than I expected and the current exceedingly swift, maybe 2 metres per second, I estimated. So I decided it was not a good day to row there and, driving home, I went over the Groveland bridge, which I had planned to pass under and which is partially blocked by barges which are building a new bridge beside the old one.

The water was just shooting through the gaps, it would have been dangerous to go down through and maybe impossible to get back, so I didn't regret my decision. And near the mouth of the river the water was mid-brown for days.

Back home, I found a USGS website which records the flow at Lowell, upstream from Haverhill and above the tides. At the time I was thinking about rowing, the flow in Lowell was 850 cubic metres per second,

After rowing under Rocks Village bridge (given the name, I was careful to follow the marked channel as I went through) and around the S-bend, the wind was dead ahead and blowing ferociously (Fig 3C) and I decided that downwind might be the better part of valor.

After turning, the rowing felt easy, with the wind astern, but the GPS showed slow progress because the tide had not yet turned. Anyway, as I returned to Amesbury, following the north shore this time and in quite

compared to the median for this time of year of 60!

I watched the USGS site as it showed that the peak, 900, was reached the next day, then the flow decreased, reaching 300, which I thought would be safe, after five more days. To put that in perspective, 900 cubic metres per second is about half the domestic water usage of the population of the US.

Anyway, the day before I planned to resume, I was getting some fresh air and exercise riding round the neighborhood on my bicycle. I like to explore the byways of the district, so when I saw a lane I had not been down before, I turned into it. It was marked Downfall Road and Dead End.

I was quietly pedaling along, wondering whose doom was thus commemorated when I reached the end and started a U-turn, then my front wheel went over a twig that rolled under it and down I tumbled. But because you're reading this, you know that the road signs were only partially predictive.

There was some pain, as I rode slowly home, in my left hip, which worried me a little because on that side I have an after-market joint, installed nearly ten years ago because the original equipment had become arthritic, and without which I would hardly be able to walk, let alone cycle or row. It turned out to be just a muscle strain, but it kept me off the water for several days.

Next, Lee came through, dumped even more rain and the flow in Lowell went right back up again. But what goes up must come down and finally, two weeks to the day after my first visit, I was back in Haverhill.

(To Be Continued)





Cropped photo of west end of the island showing the light tower once a welcome sight to a lousy navigator on a long ago June night!

Burton Blais's recent short on Main Duck's proposed wind farm ("Tilting at the Windmills", August, Page 6) prompts this follow up on the remote public island in the Canadian waters of Lake Ontario. As he notes, the currently uninhabited island's offshore ledges are of interest to a big wind developer, though it appears it's stalled for now as the Province is reviewing the whole business.

I share Blais's delight in the island's remote "wild" feel (the island's landscape was logged, grazed and farmed for many years) though I disagree with his views on wind energy. More later on that.

Sailors who live by the wind have been walking Main Duck Island's beaches and trails for hundreds of years. I have featured the island in two of my books, *Twin-kle Toes and the Riddle of the Lake* and *Maritime Tales of Lake Ontario* (available at www.chimneybluff.com) from which the following comes.

The great Canadian mariner and homeland defender, Rene La Force, while enroute to Fort Niagara with a shiplot of troops during the French and Indian War, anchored his schooner and accompanying flotilla behind the island in June of 1756. He waited out a headwind and sent his people ashore to forage where they found "wild pigeons, cabbages and garlic" for a welcome change from hardtack and salted meat. The island still lures pleasure boaters with tales of buried treasure mysterious graves and tragic wrecks.

It was once a refuge and sanctuary for Prohibition era bootleggers like Ben Kerr and Gentleman Charlie. And Cold War warrior John Foster Dulles, Secretary of State under Eisenhower, sailed his yacht to it a number of times and eventually bought the island and had it declared a port of entry so his wealthy friends could skip going to customs in Kingston.

I have been visiting this low windswept paradise for water snakes and snapping turtles for over three decades. I remember vividly my relief after fumbling my way into its harbor on a warm dark June night at about 2300 hours in 1980 after an attempt to steer across the lake from Pultneyville by compass to Point Traverse and Fisherman's Cove ten miles to the west of Main Duck.

Oops. Probably should have swung the compass first. As I lowered *Ariel's* Danforth into the weeds, the sugary fragrance of late blooming flowers scented the muggy air. The great shaft of light from the powerful lighthouse on the island's west end swept overhead periodically and I was very grateful for that guiding beacon back before GPS helped lousy navigators make landfall. After 15 hours solo at the helm, the snug harbor was sweet indeed.

Other boaters have failed to find sanctuary here. A few years ago we noted the charred remains of a Dulles era cottage near the entrance. "Some kayakers paddled out and got marooned here by the weather. They burned it down as a signal beacon," a boater

Main Duck Island A Follow Up

By Susan Gately

told me.

Other boat crews have also come to grief here on the stony ledges. I saw a 40'+ power yacht with a bigish hole in its side from dragging ashore. People like to anchor in the island's lee on the poor holding, but when the wind goes north it's time to go. No matter if it's 3am you gotta go when it blows north. Period. Or risk blowing ashore as that boat and many others have before.

I saw a spectacular seiche once here (a seiche is an oscillation of lake water caused by high wind or sudden atmospheric pressure drops. Wikipedia says the name means to sway back and forth). A tremendous squall roared down the lake one late August afternoon. A friend aboard another boat and I were anchored in the shallows near the head of the little harbor. At least eight other boats were crammed in the deeper areas.

I was gazing aloft at the fast approaching roll cloud with dread and fascination thinking how glad I was to be safe in port when the other single hander said, "look at the water!" I saw mud boiling around me as my rode stretched taut in a current. Bits of weed rushed by as the harbor water gushed out into the suddenly lowered lake. "It's gotta be running ten knots!" I yelled back.

My anchor ripped out of the mud and I grabbed my friend's boat as I swung by its stern. His deeper keel was stuck in the mud. At the entrance a yacht lay heeled on her side in a foot of water. Everyone not aground was yelling, cussing, hauling up anchors, starting engines, fouling props and banging into each other.

Then the water came roaring back in. I saw an eel fisherman get underway with his sturdy steel skiff. He took a line from the grounded yacht and as the "tide" rose three feet, he yanked the yacht off the hard gravel. The seiche kept the harbor surging in and out for quite awhile, but each subsequent "slosh" was much less dramatic as they died out.

Seiches and water level fluctuations are even more dramatic on Lakes Michigan and Erie. In the Great Gale of 1880 westerly winds left lake schooners aground in the mud at Toledo while it raised the water 12' in Buffalo. On Lake Michigan a 10' seiche swept eight fishermen offshore and drowned them in 1954. But that 3-footer in Main Duck was enough for me.

My most recent visit in June 2012 found the island peaceful and quiet. A Prince Edward County naturalist had mowed the old farm roads and walking trails for his eco tours so we could make our way through the poison ivy to the Dulles cabin site and the lighthouse with ease. A park employee installing a

dock for the nature tour boat told us the park service was going to at least board up the keepers' cottages again to keep the vandals and birds out.



Knocking on the door of the lighthouse, nobody home. The light was automated in 1984.

Alas, no money was available for new roofs though. My spouse and I think the keeper's cottages would make wonderful eco lodges or quarters for island caretakers who could keep an eye on stupid campers and careless campfires. We would happily volunteer for a month in September.

But I wouldn't spend the winter as Claude Cole's family members once did. I'd be like that alcoholic solitary caretaker in the 1950s who blew his brains out one winter night. It would be too much for me listening to the waves and winds roar day after day. I'd go crazy, too.

Wind is something Main Duck's shallows have, hence energy developer Trillium's interest. I agree with Blais that a big wind farm would be a visual blight here. So is the Nine Mile Two nuclear cooling tower east of Oswego that's down near Mexico Bay. So is the barren landscape after a mountaintop forest has been removed for coal. So is the 24/7 lighting around a toxic lagoon of flowback water next to a shale gas well in the Pennsylvania countryside.

So are the endless piles of uranium tailings on the Navaho Nation's reservation in Arizona. I personally don't know any miners with lung cancer, but I do know people who died of lung cancer. Diesel emissions from gas and oil drilling equipment and coal plant stack gases, like the uranium dust from tailings, are bad for humans. These things raise health insurance premiums and taxes.

Main Duck's ledges are probably a better location than the proven migration corridors of Prince Edward County's south shore as far as bird and bat migration goes. Surf would drown out some of the noise from the turbines on windy days. I once stood next to a giant wind turbine, admittedly on a day of light

wind. I found the strange sibilant whispers and deeper rumble rather pleasing, a bit like the bow wave of my boat. I might not enjoy it constantly. But Main Duck has no human inhabitants anymore to complain about it.

The most severe ecological turbine effects seem to be on bird and bat migrants. In the Netherlands sophisticated radar systems originally created for airports to avoid bird strikes on planes have been tied into turbine farms. The radar, made by a company called DeTect, picks up bird or bat flights and turns the individual turbines off until they pass.

It costs a few cents more on the electric bill but what is the cost of fish kills and increased cancer rates associated with Lake Ontario's 16 nuclear plants? What will be the cost of the spent radioactive fuel, which we still haven't disposed of? Shall we continue to allow it to leach into our drinking water? And ask the folks in Japan how much melt-downs cost.

Turn off the lights and the computer. Get on the bike and go to the boat and do some sailing! For more on Main Duck's fascinating human and natural history, check out *Twinkle Toes and the Riddle of the Lake* or *Maritime Tales of Lake Ontario* at www.chimneybluff.com or Amazon.com.



A couple years ago we managed to cram *Sara B*, our little Tancook schooner, up into the anchorage. Not a lot of room here.

I have a feeling that some readers of *MAIB* might want to read a different type of story about messing around in boats. We all love the articles that *MAIB* has about sailing, kayaking, canoeing and such. This is a different sort of story based on fact about a really interesting and funny happening.

Let me first set the scene. In the middle '60s, I was about 18 years old and full of fun and hell raising. I was a Fire Island ferry boat captain. We had a reputation as beer drinking, girl chasing and fun loving good kids. I was assigned as a captain of the water taxis taking this fun loving, beer drinking, hell raising young work force from New York City to their weekend paradise, the last frontier, the wild west of Long Island, Davis Park on Fire Island.

Back in those wonderful years most of the 65' ferries were converted ex-Navy boats. The ferry company I worked for had a shortened former PT boat. Besides being shortened, she was also cut down on her freeboard. They also had a former Navy target tow boat. Well, at that time the BIG ferries were really slow. The trip across the Great South Bay took about 50 minutes.

There was no such thing as electronics, no Loran, no radars, no direction finder, all we had was a marine radio, an excellent compass and a stop watch. When the weather was clear we ran compass courses and recorded the time between buoys and it worked. When the fog set in, we made it to our destinations most of the time.

We were good captains. Friday nights, Sunday afternoons and Sunday evenings were the busiest periods. A lot of young partygoers were weekend warriors who wanted to get over to the island ASAP. The ferry company I worked for ran two water taxis, the *Ocean Ridge* and the *Terredo*. They were identical 1960 vintage 30' Chris Craft sea skiffs with 400hp Ford interceptor V8 engines. The boats were overpowered, they could get up and go like hell with a full load of 24 passengers.

They were all open except for a little cabin forward. All the seating was on benches around

the perimeter of the boat. It was a job to keep them running. We carried a case of oil and had to dump a quart in every trip. We also carried a box of pencils, Chris Crafts were clinker built. Where the two overlapped planks met a rib they were riveted. Lots of times, from the boat working constantly, the rivet would pop out and water would shoot in from the hole. Well, if we jammed a pencil in the hole it would swell up and not leak until later on the mechanics replaced the rivet with a bolt.

The Great South Bay at times can get pretty nasty when the wind blows over 18 knots from the southwest. Of course, Long Island runs east to west. Fire Island runs parallel to Long Island, so leaving the mainland going to Davis Park we generally ran south.

All the young NYC workforce people left their offices and went directly to Penn Station and caught the earliest train out to Patchogue, took taxis from the Long Island Railroad station to the ferry terminal where they could pay a passage fee at that time of \$8 to get over to paradise real quick. They all were precious, the guys wearing their suits and carrying attaché cases, the young secretaries all decked out in miniskirts, tailored blouses, high heels with hair perfectly coiffed.

Well, they would run over to the water taxi dock, jump on and be rairin' to go. Now picture this, all these young aspiring executives decked out to the hilt sitting around the perimeter of the boat. About five would be seated in the little cabin with the captain. I would undock the boat and head out the Patchogue River slowly. I would reach the mouth of the river and pour on the petroleum. The boat would get up on a plane and go. The waves were coming from the southwest. They could be big rollers.

Crash Boats

aka Water Taxis

Davis Park, Fire Island, New York

By John Orlando

I would take the waves on the bow quarter. The first deluge would drench the girls and boys. Nobody would get upset. They laughed and frolicked. By the time we crossed the bay there was not a dry person on the boat, of course, except for those with me in the tiny cabin. When we'd get to Davis Park, I backed the boat into the slip and left the engines in reverse to keep the boat against the dock. I, as a gentleman and the captain, would help the waterlogged passengers onto the dock.

The girls, oh my, they looked like they just rolled out of a washing machine. They were so wet their clothes became see through garments. They did not even care. The guys looked like they just came through a wringer. The young ladies would be laughing hysterically telling me, "Let's do it again, Captain John." The best part was their housemates who were already out from the city would meet them with beers or Bloody Mary's.

One Sunday afternoon Captain Ahab (of course, that is not his real name, but we do have to protect the innocent) was coming out of the next community east of Davis Park, Bayberry Dunes (now a Federal Recreation Area called Watch Hill). Captain Ahab was enjoying a lively conversation with one of the lovely ladies on board and thought he had passed the last set of buoys, turned north, ran aground so hard he put the struts through the bottom of the *Ocean Ridge*. No one was even remotely hurt, just Captain Ahab's ego).

I was sent over with the *Terredo* with a dinghy and a deckhand to rescue everyone. Picture this scene, the *Ocean Ridge* aground in about 6" of water. All the passengers were in the bay in their skivvies, swimming and frolicking and just having a good old time. We had fun in those days. Today's passengers would be suing the company, the Coast Guard, everyone.

As I get older, I reflect on those days and wish I could relive them. The water taxis are long gone with the advent of bigger, faster, custom built ferries. They became obsolete, but the memories live on.

I jumped at the chance to take a trip in August, 1987, to the James Bay area of northern Canada when one of the original group could not go. Barb mentioned with regret that she wouldn't be able to do the trip because Dave couldn't go. I'd not been in on the planning, so knew little more than that we'd be canoeing a wilderness river and riding a local train for a lengthy portage. And we'd be driving a long way to get to the starting place. But I'd known the trip organizers, Paul and Wanda, as superb canoeists and campers, a couple of my favorite people. And my canoeing partner would also be another good friend. We decided to use her car and my canoe.

The plan was to drive about 1,000 miles northwest from New England to Cochrane, Ontario, where the four parties (eight persons) would meet at 11am on Tuesday, August 18. We would camp in a park for the night, drive about 20 miles to the put-in at the Gardiner ferry to unload boats and gear and take our cars to the house of a local who would return the drivers to the river.

We'd paddle about 90 miles north on the Abitibi River to Otter Rapids where we'd board the train (with canoes) for a 45-mile ride farther north to Moose River Crossing. Here we'd embark on the Moose River for 42 miles of paddling to Moosonee. We'd then take the train back to our cars in Cochrane.

A ten-hour drive on Sunday got us to La Verendrye Provincial Park in Quebec, a couple of hundred miles north of Montreal, by mid-afternoon, we'd started very early! This was an attractive campground, uncrowded despite what should have been the peak of the season. In fact, it was so empty that a fellow was skinny dipping in the lake as we set up camp.

We gathered a few of the wild blueberries growing prolifically. We were impressed with the profusion of wildflowers, the often spectacular cloud formations which would rain on us with the sun still shining and those long 16-hour days. I'd brought a flashlight out of habit but never used it. As we drove farther north the "Caution, Deer Crossing" signs gave way to "Caution, Moose Crossing" signs.

We began looking for moose, we looked and looked. Finally we imagined a story in which a native responded to our inquiry, "Naw, t'aint no moose 'round here. Ain't s'posed to tell yeh this, but the last moose in these parts was shot years ago. We had him stuffed and we put him out in summer 'cross the lake so's the tourists can see 'im. Helps business, yeh know."

After we got onto the river, we continued looking. Only near the end of the trip did those of us who got up early finally see a moose when a cow and calf walked through our campsite. We did see a beaver and numerous birds including, we think, a couple of golden eagles. We also saw wolf tracks and fresh bear tracks at one of our lunch stops.

We met as planned at Cochrane, anticipating a good night's sleep; instead we were awakened repeatedly by near constant train activity. After breakfast one couple took off like a bat out of hell for the river, the wrong way! In this time before cell phones we had a hard time running them down and getting them headed the right way.

I loaded our boat while Barb went to park the car, standing in the water to do it. Only when I got into the boat did I notice all the leeches on my legs, one little leech, two... It took a while to pick them all off. We decided not to swim.

A Trip to James Bay 1987

By Chuck Wright

Moosonee is on tidal water just off James Bay on the Moose River, and is over 100 miles north of the end of roads, access to it is by plane or train. Two trains run to it, the end of the line, from Cochrane, a daily tourist train, "The Polar Bear Express," and a twice-weekly local train, "The Little Bear." "The Little Bear" runs north on Tuesday and Thursday and south on Wednesday and Friday. Canoeists use this train.

We found all of this out only after arriving in Cochrane, and even there we found it difficult to get information about the river. When we learned we were only the third party to do the river that year, it struck me that this was going to be more of a wilderness experience than I had anticipated. Our information consisted of a canoe route map and description from the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources and Paul's and Wanda's recollections from doing part of the route some years earlier.

Our little expedition included five men and three women ranging in ages from 30 to 72, with an average of 57. Yet each party of two were evenly matched in ability and strength so nobody became either leader or tail-ender every day. It was a team effort that went very smoothly, in harmony with one another in accord with the harmony of our surroundings. The meals arrangement was an example of the team effort. Each canoe team was responsible for a day's breakfast and dinner at four-day intervals.

We planned for 12 days so each crew took responsibility for meals for 3 days. And we ate very well, having made no effort to travel light. We carried fresh vegetables and meat in coolers and a side of bacon that lasted the entire trip. I feared we were inviting bears with all the food, but we had no problems. In fact, we sometimes left the ice chests in the canoes at night.

We did suspend a food bag from a tree as advised to do at least once and were awakened by a crash in the night. Fearing the worse, we found the rope had broken! It seems the bears there, and surely there are bears where we were, do not associate humans with food. We became very conscious of the fact that our canoes were our ticket out of this wilderness and we were very careful about securing them.

Our serious problem was with water. We took a "Katadyn Filter" to filter river water, giardia being the fear, but we didn't expect the amount of clay that was suspended in the water, it quickly blocked the filter. Fifteen minutes of hard pumping would give us a cup of water and require the filter be disassembled and cleaned. So getting enough water for eight people was difficult, we made do with a minimum, less than a quart a day.

Fortunately we could fill containers at the dam at Island Falls and careful rationing got us through the trip. At the end we gave in to the temptation of water from a cool and apparently clear tributary stream, it was wonderful. Later we found it drained a marsh and might well have been polluted. Later we inquired what others had done about water. One party drank water from tributary streams but had gotten very sick. Another group

boiled their water and used iodine tablets. None of us got sick.

The Abitibi River was once a principal route for fur traders. Today it is dammed by Abitibi Paper Company for hydropower. There are three dams between the Gardiner ferry and Otter Rapids, so most of the river is now flatwater between dams. Below Otter Rapids the river was not navigable due to low water, even by canoe. In fact, when we saw it, the river was "turned off" and was merely a series of still pools.

The water level was unpredictable and could change radically in a short time. At one of our campsites the water was 50' from the bank in the evening, but by morning had risen to the bank, floating our canoes which had been high and dry the evening before. The river must once have been a formidable challenge, though, for the dam at Abitibi Canyon has a 240' head!

The river runs through densely wooded country and after the first few miles we saw no sign of habitation except near the dams. We met only one other boat, two Park Service rangers running the river to check campsites. At the Island Falls Dam, an employee helped us get water, portaged our gear in his truck and gave us a tour of the facility. The dams at Abitibi Canyon and Otter Rapids were deserted, although the turbines were running, giving them an eerie *On The Beach* (the book) feeling.

We were assisted at the mile-and-a-half portage at Abitibi Canyon by a French speaking Canadian family with a truck who refused to accept payment. The riverbanks were littered with driftwood, making getting ashore anywhere but at a cleared campsite all but impossible. The Parks Service brochure described the campsites as ideal for family camping. This seemed an overstatement as those we saw were difficult to get to and more than a little rough.

Some sites were only large enough for one or two tents, but we had four, at one we had to pitch them virtually touching one another with no space left over to safely build a fire. And I couldn't believe how well I could sleep on ground crisscrossed by roots.

The weather was very warm the first few days. We'd anticipated cool weather and got that, too, later. The first day set a pattern that repeated itself for several days. A beautiful clear morning would, by lunch time, develop a dark cloud that would slide over us on a cool wind, rain hard for a few minutes, then pass on and the day would become sunny and hot once again. We learned to keep our rain gear close at hand. But we never had to pitch camp in the rain, though a couple of times we just made camp ahead of an earnest rain.

Our best day of paddling was on Friday, covering 28 miles between Island Falls and Abitibi Canyon with the help of a following wind. We averaged about 15 miles a day on the water. Friday was also the day we encountered the only significant rapids, a single drop a short way above Abitibi Canyon.

It was a divided chute that almost gave my partner and I serious trouble. It was clear to us that the left-hand chute could not be run but, as we held back to keep from over-running the canoe ahead of us which hesitated, the current pulled our deeply loaded canoe toward the wrong chute and we grounded on a ledge dividing the currents.

A tentative attempt to shove off showed us that our only way out was to swing the boat until it was about to go backwards down

the wrong chute, then paddle hard for the main chute. It worked. Dodging the largest standing waves to avoid swamping took us out of danger, this taught me to respect currents in a heavily loaded boat. Interestingly, my partner and I saw what had to be done and did it with scarcely a word between us.

That night, as we were camped in an open area at Abitibi Canyon, the wind came up from the north with gusts probably reaching the upper 40s. At times it seemed as if we would be blown away. The next three days would find us struggling against this wind. We had to creep along the shoreline, using what little lee we could find and taking frequent breaks.

One campsite on this stretch was memorable for the trees that fell around us in the wind. As we prepared to turn in my partner commented she was glad we had no dead trees near us. I said, "Oh, you didn't see the one over us!" And with the wind came a change in temperature, each day and night became successively cooler until on the morning we left the river at Otter Rapids, it was 40° after a night of wind and rain. Eventually the front passed and beautiful weather returned.

The wind delayed us so that when we arrived at Otter Rapids we had only two days left to do the 42-mile stretch on the Moose River to our rendezvous with the return train at Moosonee. If we missed the train it meant a further four-day wait to get out. Our original plan here was to ride the train from Otter Rapids (the railway runs along the river valley) to Moose River Crossing, where we'd put in for the second section of paddling.

Now, with insufficient time for this, we decided to board the train and ride it all the way to Moosonee because we didn't want to miss visiting our final objective. We caught the northbound train on Tuesday. We simply gathered our boats and gear next to the tracks and, on seeing them, the engineer stopped for us. The gear goes into a designated canoe car.

The train included about 25 freight cars, one canoe car, a couple of baggage cars and

three passenger cars, two for locals, mostly Native Americans, and the one we were directed to that seemed newer and was half seating and half dining.

Moosonee has a population of something over a thousand people, wide dirt streets, a Hudson Bay store and two hotels. Although there were a few cars or trucks, many got around on ATVs (all terrain vehicles). There were only two rooms left in the hotel, which we grabbed as our gear was locked up in the train and there was no place to camp anyway, the campground being across the river.

We'd been looking forward to, and needed, hot showers. We followed these with an excellent dinner at the hotel (a long way to come for dinner) and a look around town. Some of us slept on beds, the others on the floor. In the morning there was just time for a short walk along the river and breakfast before we had to catch the "Little Bear" for Cochrane.

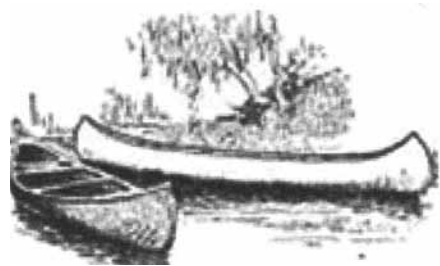
The train stops for anyone in the small Indian villages and isolated homesteads along the way, so it was a slow trip. But we enjoyed talking with local people and riding on the open platforms between the cars. Timing the passing of mileposts, I calculated the highest speed the train seemed to attain at about 50mph. It frequently slowed to about 10mph on the weaving track laid over permafrost and for trestles and bad track. Track crews could be seen working on the track at regular intervals. Clearly, the permafrost on which it was laid makes for a lot of maintenance.

Four Canadians who had run the Missinabi River got on at Moose River Crossing and we enjoyed trading stories with them. They had the better stories, however, having spent two weeks doing 150 miles of river with over 50 rapids and several nasty portages. A boat had capsized in rapids early in their trip and they'd lost much of their gear. They'd seen a black bear at close range, too close perhaps, but no moose. They clearly had had a great time, still were.

All professional men, lawyers and such, they were making the most of their experience. We also met a man and his son who were completing a complicated journey involving car, boat, train and bicycle travel. The man was on the Canadian Outward Bound program board and had travelled extensively by canoe in both Canada and South America. His son was probably high school age and greatly enjoying their adventure.

Arriving in Cochrane, we gathered our gear from the canoe car and reluctantly parted company for our long drives home. We'd spent a day and a half getting to Cochrane, a half day there preparing to embark on the river, six days and nights on the river, a day and a half on the train and two days driving home, covering about 2,400 miles in 12 days. Being that far north in the wilderness was surely worth the effort to reach and the use of the train added an interesting dimension. An excellent trip, one that I would not hesitate to repeat.

This story of this August 16-28, 1987, trip was published in *Messing About in Boats* in the December 15, 1987 issue. I edited and expanded it in 2011. This was my most adventurous canoe trip by far, and the most memorable. I consider myself very fortunate to have had the opportunity to have done it.



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First Time Out in Stick and String

By Dan Rogers

My friend, Mike, brought his nephew, Willie, over from the west side of the state (Washington) to have me introduce him to sailing. Actually, nephew isn't quite right. The genealogists in the house will need to intervene here, perhaps. Willie is Mike's brother's kid's kid.

Now I take a commission like that seriously. Sure, I can teach just about anybody how to sail. But we're talking about a 15-year-old young man here. This was one of those truly rare opportunities. I had exactly two days to ruin him for a conventional life ashore. Forty-eight hours without anything requiring a battery or a microchip. What you call a total "immersion" program. This almost never happens nowadays. We paddled, sailed, swam, anchored, motored, tied knots and generally BS'd about sailors and things nautical.

Like I said, I had a very rare opportunity here. And Willie is one remarkable kid. He must have tied the cleat hitch a hundred times until he could tie left handed, right handed, upside down, the gamut. He tacked and gybed and tacked and gybed until a lesser light would have given up and walked home. He got *Lady Bug* moored "just so" with breast lines, spring lines, bowlines doubled and yes, cleat hitches and flat coils. This old salt found himself watching himself caught in a 50-year time warp.

Yep. I sailed this very same lake 50 years ago in a home modified Styrofoam "pre-Lazer" and figured it out all on my own. I'd like to think Willie benefitted a wee bit from some of the discoveries I've learned the hard way in the interregnum. Mostly I just got to watch somebody else discover the absolute joy of matching wind and water and boat to his own very unique different drummer.

This was Willie's first time in a sailboat. After mastering *Paint Bucket*, the Walker Bay, in about an hour, he graduated to *Limerick*, the Minto, with aplomb. After about a five mile beat and slalom run/reach to the end of the lake and back, he was justifiably confident.

Making a high speed landing downwind into a finger pier dock was perhaps better left for the second day. But he has now joined that very long list of those who agree that there are only two types of sailors, those who WILL and those who HAVE turned turtle in a public way.



Hump Day on the Barnegat

By Pete Peters
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

To the young post-adolescent man or woman, Hump Day is Wednesday, the middle of the week, as one looks forward to the weekend. To old TSCA sailors it means a great day of sailing on New Jersey's Barnegat Bay. On Wednesday, July 11, we launched at Ocean Gate Yacht Basin and sailed off at around 11am. Eight brave (?) traditional small craft sailed in calm waters and eight knots of wind.

The prettiest boat award went to Bill and Susanne Tonnetti, who spend the summers in Ocean City sailing a blue-hulled strip-planked Melonseed that was built in North Carolina. She carried a sprit rig that made their speed with two passengers somewhat under-sailed for the light air. However, they stayed with the fleet as they had their first Barnegat experience.

Another winner for the day was WAWA. Lunch stop on Beach Island State Park, and WAWA hoagies (named after the Hog Islander boat builders) all around were the main course. The best part (excluding the beer) was Meg Oeller's cookies. Goodbye South Beach, hello Island Beach. She will be invited again and again to join the floats.

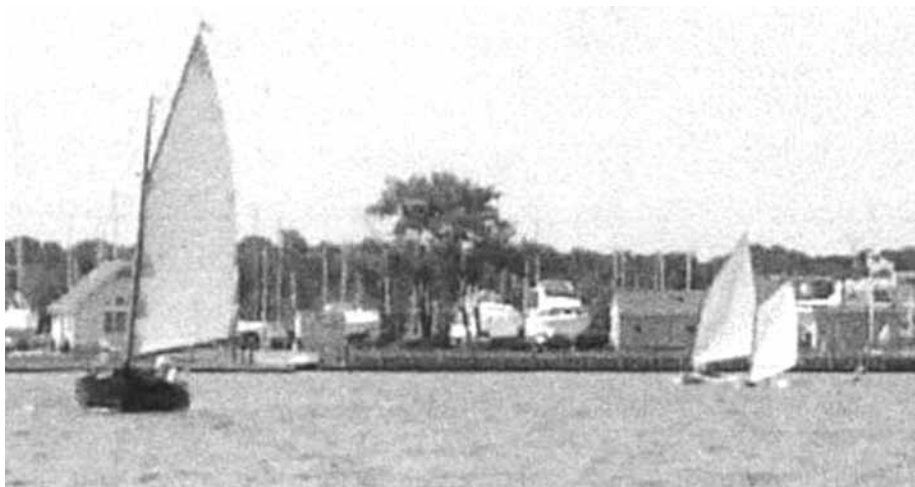
Fastest boat and highest pointing boat award goes to *Moggie*. She ain't pretty but Mike Wick sailed her ahead of the rest of the fleet.

Other awards for the day were shortest amount of the time on the water and leakiest boat. Both go to John Smith. Rather than the plunger award, John gets the bilge pump award.

Dave Soltesz was screening candidates for the Plunger Award. Fortunately none were to be found but, not to worry, there will be other Wednesdays.

Doug Oeller (*Comfort*), Frank Stauss (*Wind Dancer*), Paul Skalka (*Red ???????*) and I in *Obadiah* all tied for the Best Traditional Catboat of the day.

Ken Tweed won the cleanest post-sail washed boat award. There were rumors that wood simulated contact paper could be placed on the hull of his Daysailer to make her more traditional, but that would wait for another day.

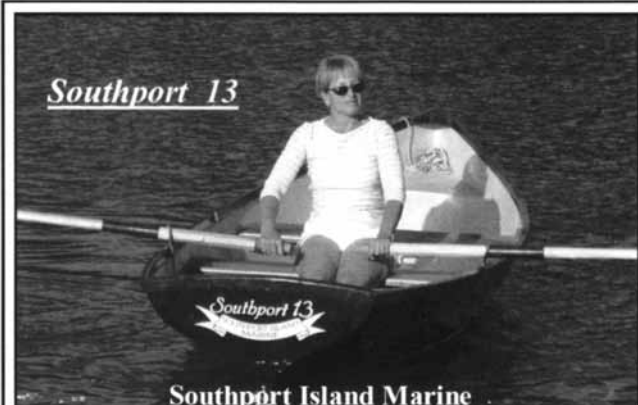


A members-and-families-only dinner at the Anchor Inn ended the evening. We toasted the day and made a pact to return the first Wednesday after the Fourth of July next year.

If anyone asks what will we do when we retire (some already have), my answer is that on Hump Days I'll be sailing on the Barnegat to Tices Shoal and swimming in the Atlantic.



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What a Way to Spend a Day

By Frank Stauss
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

On Saturday, June 16, I found myself looking for something to occupy my time. Mary had traveled to Denver, Colorado, to attend our daughter-in-law's baby shower. I decided to head to the 25th annual Antique and Classic Boat Festival held at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland. The show is hosted by the Chesapeake Bay Chapter of the Antique Classic Boat Society (ACBS).

The event started at 10am. I made sure I took the car without a trailer hitch (just playing it safe) and was on my way. After a nice two hour and 15 minute drive I got there at 10:30am and found a spot to park at the old Tilghman Island Bridge leading into the museum. The place was packed.

While walking to the waterfront I noticed that there were only three or four tents pitched but there were quite a few trailers and motor homes. Everywhere we pitch our tents for the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival held parked cars.

Once I entered the museum I found over 100 antique and classic motor boats of the Chris Craft, Gar Wood and Hacker Craft variety. I did see a few sailboats and a rowboat or two, but not many. This was definitely a showcase of runabouts, yachts, race boats and launches.

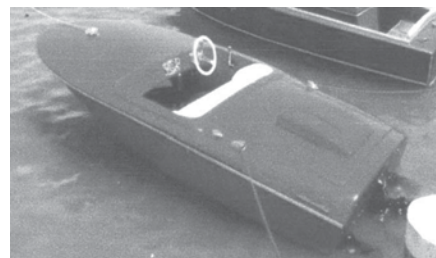
Most boats were made of wood but fiberglass was well represented. In addition to the beautiful boats on display in and out of the water there were building demonstrations, vendors, old boats and motors for sale and old cars.

After touring the show for several hours I found my way to my favorite watering hole/restaurant for lunch. After lunch I walked around the town, stopping at Justine's for some dessert and a seat on a bench to watch the world pass by. After that it was back to the show for another walk around before heading back home. A good day was had by me.

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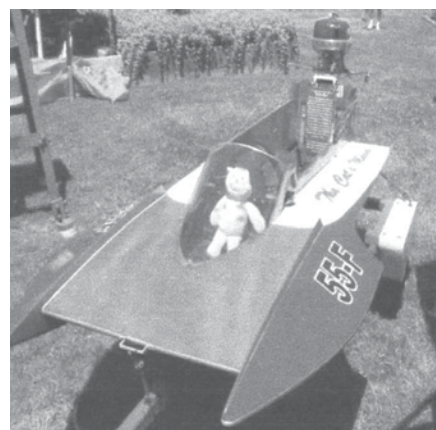
1974 Donzi



1958 Chris Craft *Knotty Girl*



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Seems we all enjoy a yarn now and then about somebody else's rough weather experiences out on the water. Well, I have one and it was in a small sailboat on the western end of Lake Erie in Michigan two years ago during the summer.

Normally, now that I'm older and hopefully wiser, I don't deliberately go out on the lake when a storm is predicted, and I wouldn't have gone this time either except the storm was tracking NE and about 30 miles inland, a nice long, slender storm. It had been around a while and seemed to be in a stable pattern so I figured it wasn't going to move in our direction any time soon.

The wind locally was out of the west, I seem to recall, and that means flat water near shore but a pretty good breeze for some fast sailing. That's the idea anyhow. So I hooked up the boat and took off. An hour or so later I was maybe two miles south of where I put in at the ramp and a quarter mile offshore having a nice fast sail. Definitely was worth the trip down.

Of course, in seamanlike fashion, I did check regularly to see if anything was showing up over the horizon and so far it had been solid blue sky, no clouds whatsoever as I remember it.

Suddenly though, on the last look, there was a big pileup of black clouds bearing down on me, the sort of clouds I don't want to get too chummy with. Having a balanced lug rigged boat it takes less time to drop the sail than to tell about it and only another few seconds to have the mast out and laying down in the boat. That's an advantage of a balanced lug, no stays or shrouds.

Usually, when I get caught out like this, I put down the anchor and ride it out in comfort, but this time there was no time for that. In fact, I only managed to get one arm partially into my foul weather jacket when it hit. I could see the rain hitting the water coming my way and it looked like it was splashing a yard in the air from the impact.

When it hit there was no more looking off in that direction, and all I could see was to port and starboard around the stiff bill on the jacket hat and straight ahead. From my vantage point there it looked as though the boat would soon fill with water just from the rain.

There was no problem at all with the boat, it steered pretty much just off the wind, of course downwind and all I had to do was sit there and holler, which I did. Nice to be able to open up like that now and then without worrying that others will think I'm crazy, but since I was out there alone, I could let 'er rip and I was having fun!

Fast Moving Storm on Lake Erie

By Ted Johnson

So the rain came down and, in what seemed like a minute, it and the wind had completely flattened the waves. They were only a foot or so high, so that didn't take much, but then a new type of wave began to build and that was fast also. Now the waves were in straight lines relative to each other, not like the usual chop we have around here, and very quickly the wind blew off the tops and blew them away. The surface of the water had froth all over it.

The last time I saw this sort of wave action was in the North Atlantic during high winds a long time ago when I was in the Navy. We're too shallow around here to get much big wave action but, of course, that can't be said about the bigger lakes like Huron, Michigan or Superior. I've read accounts where ocean-going ships' experienced captains were frightened out of their wits by some storms they experienced.

At sea one can head out away from the hard stuff, but here there's only hard stuff around all of these lakes and no place to run to. Anyhow, around here it's pretty benign compared to that, and other than a lot of water getting into the boat all of a sudden, I was having a really good time, though not strictly sailing.

A couple of miles north is a pretty large island called Gross Isle, named by the French years back. There's an old US Naval Air Station there from the Cold War days but that is now a private airport. There's a wind anemometer there that registers wind change on the hour, both velocity and direction, as well as gusts. This can be accessed online. Well, the wind stopped, the rain stopped and behind that cloud was blue sky in every direction. It all quieted down to just a gentle breeze.

Up ahead of me, though, the cloud was heading due east along the coast of Ontario, Canada, and looked to be no more than a couple or three miles wide. Blue sky to both sides of it but black down to the water and waaaay up. Within 15 minutes the entire cloud was out of sight, and I mean completely over the horizon. I didn't do the math but we can just barely see the trees on the bluff around Colchester, Ontario, on a clear day, and that's 16 miles as the crow flies. That sucker was moving.

At this point, having had one surprise and not wanting yet another, I figured to head in so up went the sail and I was quickly back at the ramp. After pulling the boat out, and

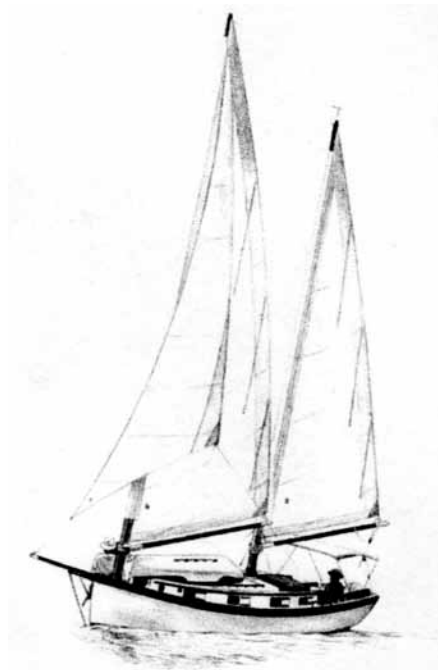
while I was getting it ready for the road, a van came flying into the ramp area and straight up to me. It was a friend of mine and he'd come in something of a dither to see if I'd survived or if he'd have to report me missing. Seems as though several tornados had come through the area and torn things up.

He was at his son's house just a couple miles away when the storm came through and it scared the bejeezus out of him. He said he couldn't imagine sailing through that and surviving but, of course, I didn't. I just sat it out nice and comfy. He told me more about the damage and I was able to see a lot of it myself on my way home as there were roofs off houses and garages, trees down and roads closed.

The TV stations had their video trucks out along the way getting the daily news items lined up. The damage was in strips, with some areas undamaged next to others with lots of damage. When I got home and had a minute I went to the wind anemometer website on Gross Isle to see what the winds had clocked, only to find there was no trace of any such storm moving through. That had to have come through just after a reading and was completely gone before the next one was taken. That's a pretty fast wind!

According to the local news weather station there were winds up to 70mph in places. The rest of the storm was still heading nicely up to the northeast toward Sarnia, Ontario. Evidently this was a rogue that broke off from the main storm and decided it really wanted to go east, not northeast. Had a mind of its own that one.

There were 3" of water in the bottom of the boat and it came down in probably less than ten minutes. I sail a considerably modified Swampscott Dory and three quarters of it is decked over. I've removed the centerboard and case to free up room and have a full keel below with about 160 pounds of lead. It might swamp, but it won't sink, so I really wasn't worried. These are the kinds of experiences we can re-live in our very old age with a lot of enjoyment. Still, hope none of you find yourselves in such winds. You just never know.



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In The Good Old Days Pt IV:

Bilgewater Charters & The Purple Perils by Len Wingfield

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*
Quarterly Journal of the Dinghy
Cruising Association (UK)

Back in the mid-fifties yachting was becoming affordable for ordinary people, but in wooden yachts much smaller and more basic than today. Standing headroom was a fairly rare luxury, and cooking was usually by primus. Flush toilets were considered desirable, but a bucket under the fore-hatch was still common practice. (OK in a deserted anchorage, but in crowded moorings the sight of a red straining face poking out of the fore hatch could be a bit embarrassing!) Several yacht charter businesses had been set up hiring out basically rigged and equipped wooden yachts, which were available at reduced rates for weekends at the beginning and end of the season. Among these were Blackwater Charters at Malden in Essex and Holiday Boats at Bosham in Chichester Harbour. The latter's boats were painted in cheap surplus paint made up from a mixture of light colours which came out as light purple, and as many of their clients lied about their experience and were accident-prone, the boats were consequently known as the 'Purple Perils'.

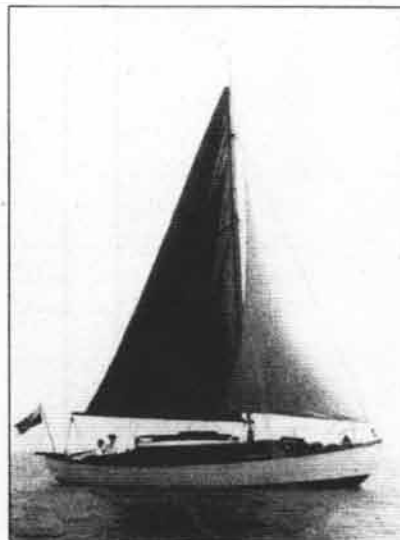
The charter firms' margins were small, and some, I suspect, only renewed worn gear when their clients broke or lost it so the replacements could be funded by forfeited deposits.

By now I had my own dinghy but I had never sailed in a yacht, so when my colleagues in the firm I had just joined organised a sailing weekend based at Malden, I jumped at the chance of joining in, and as the 'new boy' accepted their arrangements without question. To my surprise I found myself down as skipper of the biggest boat, *Aslaug*, a seven ton Bermudan sloop thirty feet overall, built by Hillyard – in 1938. Furthermore, I found that not only had none of my allocated 'crew' ever sailed before, but the only male had a dislocated shoulder, and the other two were young girls who went to the toilet together holding hands. I had brought along a copy of Peter Heaton's *Sailing* to help learn on the job, but someone from another boat nicked it when my attention was distracted.

We settled down for the night in our moored boats and in the morning were up early and off with a fair wind and falling tide. Unusually for a Hillyard *Aslaug* had quite rakish lines and was a fast, weatherly boat. Sailing a yacht was such a novel experience that I forgot to study the chart, but initially the port and starboard marks provided a clear guide.

We soon passed Osea Island and Bradwell and were out to what in my ignorance I presumed to be open sea. Seeing two Thames barges in the distance apparently anchored I headed towards them. Getting nearer I realised they were aground, and were

loading sand the hard way by pushing wheelbarrows up planks.



ASLAUG

Auxiliary Bermudan Sloop. 7 tons TM. Registered.
Dimensions: 30 feet L.O.A., 8 feet 6 inches beam, 3 feet 8 inches draft.
Engine: Morris Vedette with electric starting.
Sail Area: 330 square feet.

ASLAUG was built by Hillyard in 1938. She is a carefully maintained cruiser with 4 good berths in two cabins.

Swept Offshore

At that moment there was a thump, thump, thump, as we touched down in the troughs of the waves. Fortunately I was able to swing the boat round in time and tack back into deeper water. Running back into Bradwell Creek in a sluicing ebb I blundered and ran aground only feet from the fairway. Then the pram dinghy which had been tied astern broke loose,

and was swept rapidly out to sea. Being aground, we could not motor after it. Without thinking I stripped off and dived in to retrieve it. Despite the bitterly cold water I managed to reach the dinghy and scrambled aboard, only to find that the oars had been left on the yacht. The ebb was now taking me naked and shivering out to the North Sea.

Fortunately a yacht motoring in spotted me and towed me back into the creek. It was a classic Dragon class keelboat, with a small cuddy giving sitting headroom. Past its best for racing, it was fitted with reduced rig for cruising, common practice in those days. It was crewed by a married couple with their tiny baby swinging in its cot suspended from the coachroof. They kindly invited two of us aboard and were most diplomatic about my blunder. In the morning I managed to tack the boat back to Malden and pick up the mooring without any further dramas.

Other spring and autumn yachting weekends followed, all with Holiday Boats Ltd at Bosham. Casting off from their moorings above Bosham Quay some charterers would fail to negotiate the hidden deepwater dog-leg in the channel, go aground and be stuck there all day within sight of their departure point.

Lead-line Pilotage

My favourite boat was Dinah, a gaff cutter 22 feet overall, rated at four tons, with two berths and a pipe cot, oil lighting, gimbaled primus and a bucket loo. She was an honest boat and yet had style. On a weekend charter we cleared Chichester Harbour successfully and tacked down the Solent to Wootton Creek in weather which became progressively more misty and then really thick after dark.

DINAH



Length	22 ft.	Lighting	Oil
Beam	7.3 ft.	Water cap.	4 gals.
Draft	4 ft.	Reefing	Roller

In those days there was a second entrance channel into Wootton parallel to the shore. Against all the odds and with lead-line pilotage and beginner's luck we found this channel and came in blind and found space to anchor clear of the ferry. Those were the days!

Eriska

Another of the boats chartered from Bosham was *Windsong*, a 13 ton Bermudan ketch, 35 feet overall. She had standing headroom and accommodation for five, including pipe cots, a paraffin stove and a Blake toilet. Like most of their boats she was built by Hillyard and had the comfortable lines of their famous centre-cockpit yachts, but for all her relative comfort my preference was for *Eriska*, an ex-ocean racing yawl 39.5 feet long with overhangs. She had a cut-down rig, and was only basically equipped with paraffin stove and oil lighting, but her 6-foot draught gave her standing headroom. This deep draught would be a nuisance today but there was far more space to anchor then. It was sailing in style!

Despite my inexperience, and my first-time beginner crews, I rarely conformed to the 'Purple Peril' image, and despite the 'Bilgewater Charters' slur these firms provided affordable opportunities to sail character boats the like of which are very rare today. LW

Auxiliary Bermudan Yawl ERISKA

11 tons



Length O.A.	39.5 ft.
Beam	9.1 ft.
Draft	6 ft.
Headroom	6.5 ft.
Lighting	Oil
Water cap.	10 galls. in cans
Reefing	Roller

Accommodation for Five/Six



The Dinghy Cruising Association

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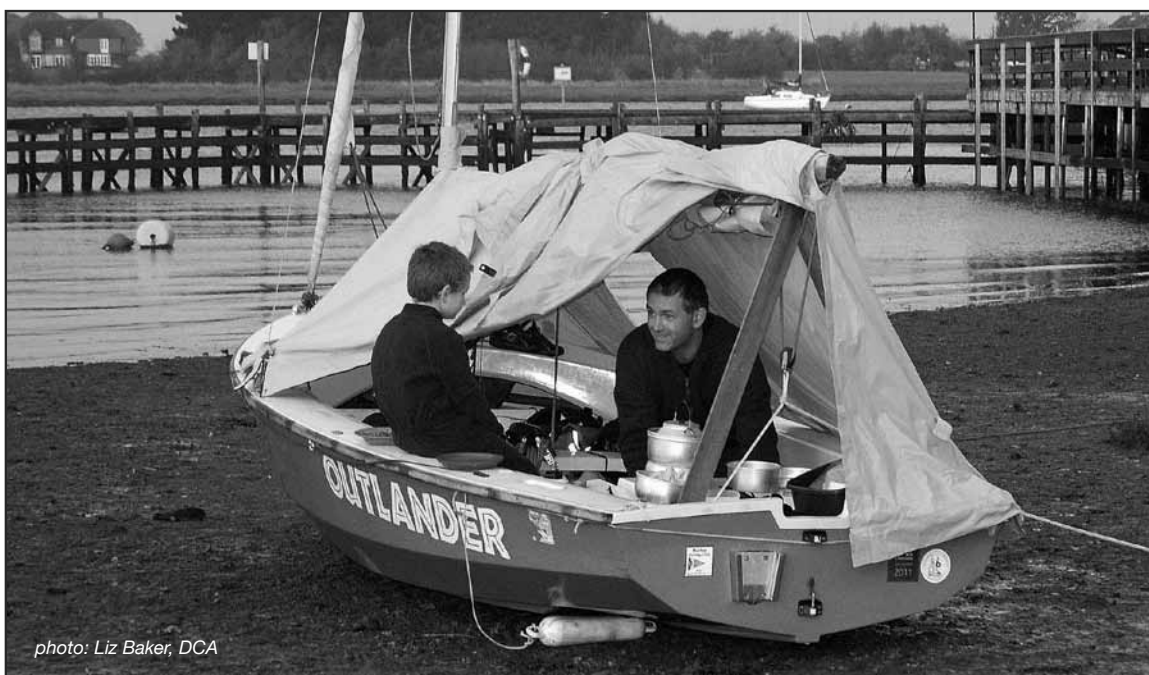


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keithmuscott@aol.com.

- Contact New Members' Secretary, Tony Nield: ajniel@talktalk.net

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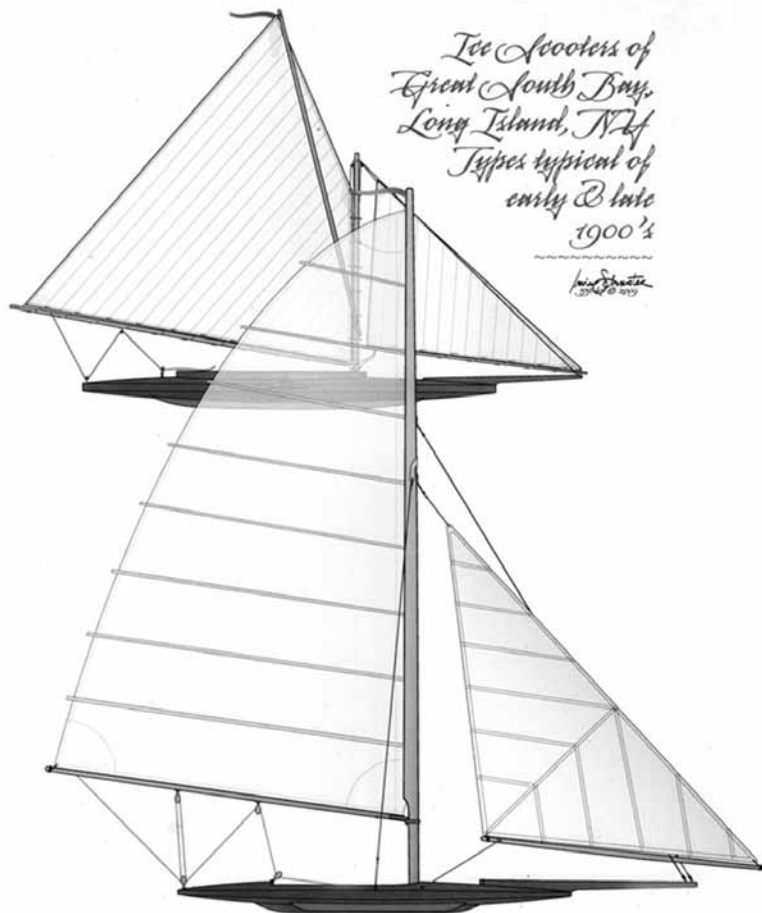
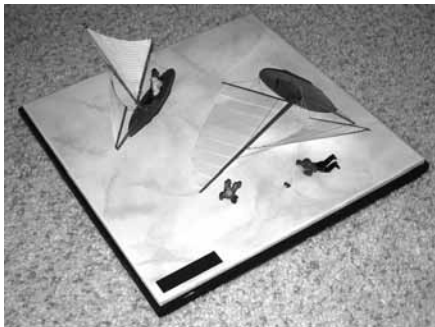
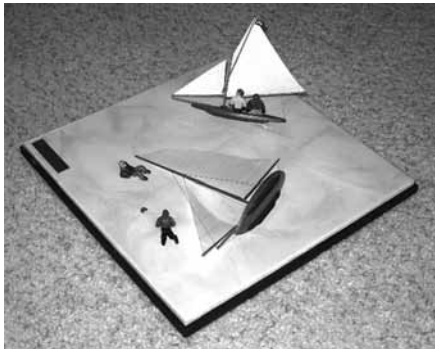
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The Friendly Club With A Sense Of Adventure

It's Out of Season, But...

By Irwin Schuster

It looks like the subject of South Bay Scooter Iceboats still has legs (see Page 6 in August issue) this late into summer so here are some views of the type.



*Ice Scooters of
Great South Bay,
Long Island, NY
Types typical of
early 20th
1900's*

*Irwin Schuster
1976-1977*

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Fred Shell had a 12' SWIFTY just about assembled when we arrived at his shop enroute home from the Clayton Antique meet. Two hours later, despite the distraction of talking to us about what he does, Fred had the boat all apart and packed into its shipping crate, ready to go to Georgia for its new owner to re-assemble. That's really the best way to describe Fred's kit boats, for each one is dry assembled by Fred before being shipped out. "If you're thinking of spending a winter building one of my kits," Fred offers, "you might have to look for something else to do before winter's over."

Fred's doing very well with his line of self-designed rowing and sailing boat kits out of his home based shop in St. Albans, VT, a few hundred feet from the shore of St. Albans Bay on Lake Champlain. He's already shipped out 25 of his kits this year, mostly the popular SWIFTY 12' daysailer. At \$675 this is a lot of boat for the money and Fred's approach to kit building makes it very easy for anyone of normal competence with simple woodworking tools to put together a great little daysailer that has lively performance and room for sprawling comfortably. The kits are assembled from marine ply components with some hardwood and softwood components (centerboard trunk, middle thwart, etc.) by epoxy gluing together the components held in place initially with ordinary small woodscrews. Fred's pre-assembly even creates the necessary screw holes, and he marks all the pieces where they come together when he does the pre-assembly, labelling them, noting alignment marks, etc. Literally he gives you 11 the "guidelines".

Last winter Fred came to our local small craft club meeting with an 8' MERRILEE in a shipping crate. In an hour and twenty minutes he put it together (dry) while talking about what he was doing and fielding questions. It was an amazing exhibition. Fred pointed out that he, of course, is very familiar with the assembly, but that the boat had had the usual pre-assembly procedure setting it up. The simple ladder frame jig



Modern wooden boats for rowing and sailing

you have to build from your own lumber he had already, of course, for his own production work.

These are not simple slab sided craft, but have virtually round bottoms due to the lapstrake construction of multiple strakes. All have simple marconi sail rigs on unstayed masts with half-wishbone sprit booms for simplicity and decent performance. Fred builds his own sails and spars too, which come with the kits. "It always bothered me to see boats advertised for a price WITHOUT SAILS", Fred remarked. Fred designed his boats "by eye" after the Scandinavian small craft he saw on a trip several years ago. He originally built in the Puget Sound area but found most of his orders came from the east coast, so relocated to Vermont, with his wife Debbie and their four daughters, on New England's "west coast" on Lake Champlain.

Taking up quite a lot of space in the new shop Fred built last fall, a 24'x32" two car garage plus covered storage shed sort of structure, is Fred's current dream, an 18' version of the SWIFTY, scaled up (with necessary adjustments in detail and size of stock) to be a camper cruiser. He had hoped to have it on the nearby bay this summer for tryouts, but has gotten so busy with the kit orders (he works alone) that the dream has reached only to a finished bare hull level. Fred figures it's only a week's work to finish it off for tri-

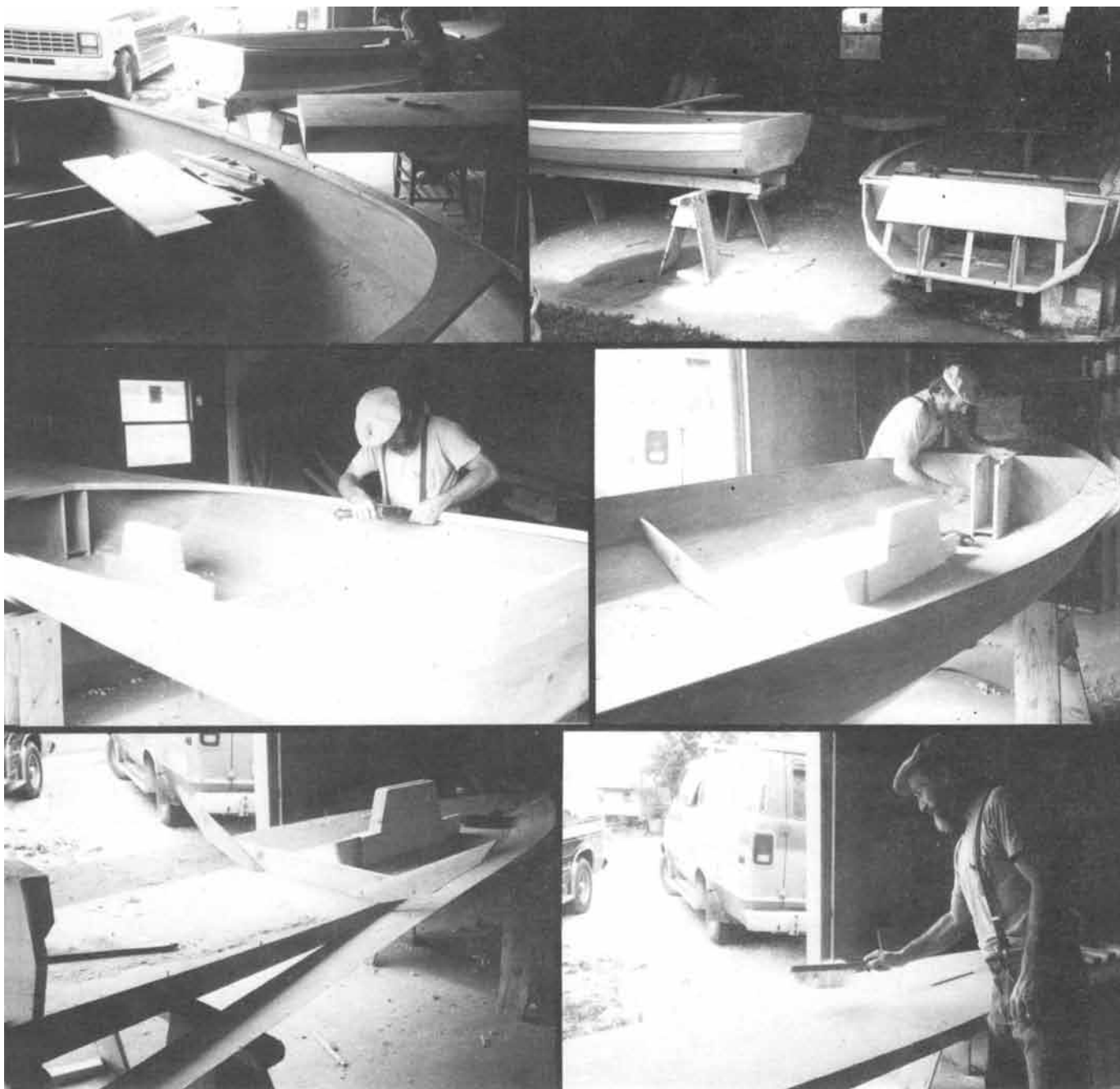
als (no paint or trim detailing) but can't get to it yet. He swears he'll be out there breaking a way through late November ice if necessary!

While we were spending the afternoon at Fred's, Stephen, one of his recent customers, and now a friend, showed up with the SWIFTY he's built, to try a new small jib Fred had made up for him. With no shrouds or stays, the slender mast cannot handle a serious jib set flying, but for light airs they felt it might be helpful. Light airs we had. That morning it had been blowing 25 knots across the Lake but by 5 p.m. it was just skittish zephyrs here and there. Stephen unloaded the car-topped (on a Volvo station wagon) SWIFTY (it weighs a bit over 100 pounds so easily car tops) and they rigged the new jib. Fred rigged his own SEA SHELL pram and the two drifted off onto the bay. Stephen's boat was faster, of course, and he was pleased with how well it moved with so little wind, he and his son onboard. The job Stephen had done finishing off his bright red craft was first class and it was an attractive looking boat out there under sail. Fred sort of wishes he still had his own SWIFTY but he's selling them as fast as he can make them and, like the 18 footer, his own personal boat has to wait for available time.

Fred Shell will send you an information packet for \$2 if you'd like all the details on his line of boats, ranging from 8' pram to the 14' sailing skiff. He also builds complete boats from kits to order for those who don't have the time or inclination for doing it themselves. The SWIFTY completely built goes for \$1450 "sail away". Fred even conceived a unique shipping crate for a complete SWIFTY that had to go to Florida. He built a 110% size hull of lumberyard plywood, into which the real boat nestled very nicely. The kits come in flat crates of various lengths according to boat size. Shell Boats is at RD 3, Box 255A, St. Albans, VT 05478, (802) 524-9645.

25 Years Ago
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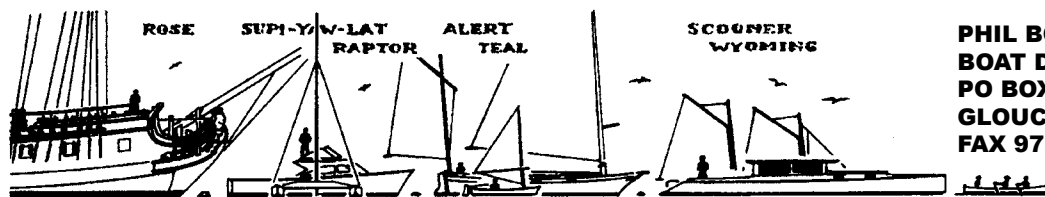




Above: Fred had just finished the pre-assembly of this "Swiftly", and took it all apart in a couple of hours readying it for shipment while we visited.

Below: Stephen showed up with his "Swiftly" on the Volvo's roof, and soon it was time for a sail on the adjacent St. Albans Bay of Lake Champlain.





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This issue of *MAIB* we find ourselves at the other end of the spectrum of design and building of boats, and with plywood only used in hidden locations such as bulkheads and seat structures. "Silver Blaze" is a study all about free flowing shape, visual drama, about "posing" and performing as an exercise in moderate power, moderate size and moderate cost, hopefully to grand eye catching effect.

The paper trail on this study is, at the moment at least, incomplete. The master drawing(s) are seemingly lost, hopefully just misplaced and yet to be found again, with just this well worn and some fooled around with blue line print on hand. Correspondence around this project seems to have suffered the same fate. And, as it later turned out, the study never made it to the clients either. All quite odd, if not disturbing, possibly illustrating certain losses gradually creeping into the operation...

The stamp dates this concept to 2004. It was triggered by an inquiry by the father and son team of Bruce and Hugo Tyson of Tasmania, Australia. They have built an impressive range of Phil's designs, including strip planking Design #428 "Marina Cruiser," a 21'3"x7'10" inboard engine dipping lug motor sailer and, of course, Design #372 "Romp," a 30'x8'4"x1'6" centerboard Barge Yacht Cat Yawl, now sailing along Australia's East Coast and out into the Pacific as far as Noumea on (French) New Caledonia, some 800nm east.

The Tysons had studied Phil's "Snow Leopard" concept in Chapter 34 in his *Boats With An Open Mind* and wanted something like her but some scaled down. At 28'x7" "Snow Leopard" had a fairly conventional inboard shaft drive layout, with the engine about 35% ahead of the stern and a long open cockpit ahead with a long slung aft raking windshield. Dynamite Payson had built a basswood model to explore in 3D her aesthetics.

So they had in mind a very shapely strip planked runabout, powered by a moderate-size automotive engine such as a Subaru flat-4 or -6, and they were eager to avoid I/O drives or the inefficiencies and protrusions of jet pumps.

Separately in our earlier lives, and then together, Phil and I were soaked in car, aircraft and, of course, boat design, which would come to influence this unorthodox interpretation of the classic runabout theme. We sure came to have a good time across a broad range of design stages of indulging in fairly unrestrained visions, intense tweaking of lines and details, all based on pretty subjective ideas of looks and our definitions of style.

Unlike the prevailing big V8 centered universe of go fast designs, the lighter automotive engine suggested quite a different layout. Instead of planting the typically 1,000+lbs big block V8 drive train more or less near her stern, here the engine is some 30% boat length abaft the bow. It is just ahead of a four person cockpit and where fuel tankage would be under its rear seats. And reminiscent of the first couple of decades of

Phil Bolger and Friends on Design

Design Concept "Silver Blaze"

26'x6'6"x15"/24"x100-200hp

go fast power boating when massive heavy engines dominated such craft before I/O drives were thought of, here the driver and copilot are also placed way aft, only about 20% from the stern.

Between the pointed stern and the crew weight this far aft, we thought she might balance that lighter engine weight forward reasonably well, with very variable passenger loads in the center cockpit. We might still need some water trim ballast to pump forward or aft to adjust balances, and some trim tabs in her run would be advisable likely for any load to tweak her attitude across her speed range.

In the spirit of utter independence of plywood related shape constraints, she is all curves. And reflecting the Tyson's idea of doing a premium finish, Phil soon started referring to the emerging concept as "Silver Blaze," as in a horse's marking, high spirits and memorable looks. The only straight line in her would be her run starting abaft the rear seats in the center cockpit. And with Phil's bow and on these proportions there should be no need for any spray rails on this hull to distract the eye either. Whether built to be painted or the hull skin crafted to be varnished, applications of stainless or chromed metal would eat a fair amount of energy and budget for her unique looks, a fine challenge for a metalworker, possibly in a custom motorcycle shop.

So we'd just offer a tapered polished rubrail along her middle 60% for horizontal definition. Polished stainless steel would cover both stem and stern edges down to the waterline, running up on and along the deck's centerline. The shiny spotlight to retract for cleanest of looks, likely recessed cleats, polished SS gill edges to feed cooling air to the radiator, a set of 90"/42"x10" polished engine room air exhaust gills on either forward flank, with the dry exhaust integrated with short exhaust stacks for either two or three cylinders of each boxer engine side. You'll note the crossover 2/3-into-1-into-2/3 exhaust gas plumbing to allow adequate length for a decent muffler on each side. I can see the slight accumulation of soot on each pipe. And no windshield(s), just sunglasses and stylish hats/caps, except for the option of the retractable flat pane setup just ahead of the tilting helm.

Working to a budget, the Tyson's had hoped to use a stock non-marinated automotive engine, which would have to be mounted high enough to allow self draining of gaso-

line fumes via scuppers on the bottom of her engine compartment sealed from the rest of her hull. This would have also allowed showing off the engine, or at least its plastic coverings, for additional techno texture defining her nature.

Alas, after much consideration, it seemed and seems an undesirable center of gravity proposition to mount even a lighter engine this high in this 6'6" beam hull, we might get away with it at various expenses, but... So this drawing does show the initial high mount with the low mount super imposed.

Certain engine families in sports cars across the '30s and into the '70s had been designed with beautiful function driven contours, often polished or plated castings and stampings, with bolted on vitals often detailed to match, all to delight the eye when opening the hood for gearhead friends. Unfortunately, modern engines are not designed around physical good looks, typically covered in plumbing, black boxes, wiring and more or less unflattering plastic cladding with perhaps a logo on it. A fellow boating nut has recently treated himself to a slightly used Porsche Boxster, and while it drives as expected, he has yet to physically see the flat-6 engine from either above or below, it is so well buried. Ergo, no visual bragging possible about that engine's superb engineering.

So, without the incentive to show off fine mechanicals in the engine compartment, we'll likely find ourselves picking from a range of standard gasoline marine 4s and 6s, perhaps even see a modern light Turbo Diesel in "Silver Blaze's" bilge, doesn't bilge sound so wrong for her? At any rate, the shafting of that power aft would now amount to the transmission tunnel in the middle of the center cockpit, familiar from front engine rear drive cars.

The Tysons had in mind to run this looker onto the beach, no doubt to drape their and their lovers' buff bodies over her curves, or at least to tend to her with a shammy as the others tend to the barbie. So we minimized her draft by using an updated version of the old Dispro idea around which a whole club scene exists to this day in sweetly shaped displacement speed inboard boats; not sure though whether "Silver Blaze" could become a member.

Beyond respective shaft seals and a sealed/booted CV joint on the hull, there is a pivoting propshaft box spine with a conventional shaft strut and rudder at the far end. It, in turn, sits inside a centerboard trunk type box structure that structurally keeps her tapering stern together. Locking solidly in the down position for full throttle runs and then retracting in neutral or engine turned off seems not a particularly overwhelming mechanical proposition. Certainly it would be easier trailering and launching with her sitting lower on the trailer. And no disruption of her sweet sharp edged stern lines, whether at rest or speeding along!

The image contains three technical drawings of a proposed launch, labeled 17, 18, and 19.

- Drawing 17 (Side Elevation):** Shows the launch from the side. It is a long, narrow, pointed vessel. A person is seated at the bow. The hull has a dark stripe along its length. The text "W.L.B. 3600 LBS. DISPLACEMENT" is written near the stern.
- Drawing 18 (Cross-section):** Shows the launch from the side, but with the hull cut away to reveal the interior. Four people are seated in a row, each with a steering wheel. The interior is divided into sections by bulkheads. The text "W.L.B. 3600 LBS. DISPLACEMENT" is written near the stern.
- Drawing 19 (Top-down View):** Shows the launch from above. It is an elongated, pointed shape. The interior is divided into sections by bulkheads. The text "W.L.B. 3600 LBS. DISPLACEMENT" is written near the stern.

At the bottom right, there is a scale and a note:

SCALE 3/4" = 1' 0"
 PROPOSED LAUNCH
 26' 0" x 6' 6"
 FOR MARY H. C. TYSON

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Who would lust after an unaffordable Riva or Hacker, etc, if they could put this kind of style in the water on a reasonable budget and to their own aesthetic preferences? Sneaking her into one of those classic boat gatherings, would she be ejected?

Next issue, back to SACPAS-3.



Summer Comes to the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Helen Marie's Progress



I'm putting everything including the kitchen sink in *Helen Marie*. Howard came down to the hut all excited because he'd thought of something I was missing that was absolutely essential. The longer we sat around discussing the merits of a sink, the better it sounded. Some of the uses could be a water tank to warm up shower water or a small garden plot or a place to put my family crest, but the best was to put a smoke machine inside and, even better, a bubble machine like Lawrence Welk. I'll glass it all up and stick it on once we're out of the shop. Neat, huh?

The maple ceiling is in with all of the light fixtures hanging down by their wires and now I'm putting in the mahogany trim pieces along the edges and across the middle, the little square blocks hold it in place until then. I thought this boat was about done until we started putting the trim in. The windows alone took over 150' of custom made mahogany trim just to go around the glass and that ain't nothing. Everything else gets trimmed out also. It's a good thing I have Howard helping me or I'd never get finished.

Stan's Foam Kayak



Stan's foam Puddle Duck came out so good that now he's making a foam kayak. So far it weighs four pounds.

Phil's Mirror Finish Canoe



Phil's finished his little canoe and has a mirror finish on it. He tried to get away easy until Steve said it looked like an amateur did it, so it was out with the #220 and another coat of epoxy.

Jim's Boat is HUGE!



We turned Jim's boat over and OMG, as the texters say, the thing is huge. Helen looked inside and asked if he was going to live in it. This is the one that's supposed to go 18kts with a 30hp outboard.

Crazy Steve's Latest Project



Crazy Steve has a new project. It's impossible to get him to do anything he doesn't want to do but he couldn't pass up this little tiller job for an O'Day sailboat. Pat wanted something custom and different and that's all it took to get Steve to thinking of doing one a little complicated.

It'll be laminated with alternating cherry, ash and oak in a curve and taper from large to small with all ten layers being intact from start to finish, not just sanding through the layers to get the taper. If you can visualize that you'll see how hard it'll be to do it this way.

New Tires for the Gravely



Phil brought us a set of new rear tires for the Gravely. He found them stashed out in his airplane hanger. The smooth grass cutting tires didn't have enough traction to pull the bigger boats, these should do the trick.

Wally's Melonseed is About Finished



About Our Shop Guidelines



We have lots of "guidelines" here at the shop but only one absolute rule, here in blood. All we need to do is point at the sign when someone's trying to give us advice and hard feelings are avoided.

Debbie Hid the Dock



Good old Debbie gave us lots of rain and water, we didn't see the dock in three days, but no problems other than giving the rest of the lazy bums an excuse to hang out in the tiki hut all day drinking and bullshitting. Not me, I drink and nap

Taking on a Fisha



Charlie Morgan sent me this picture of one of his first designs from back in the '50s. He's been doing this for a long time and is

still going strong. I have a long history going back 40 years with several of his best friends and one of them owns this old Fish.



This class of boats was a popular class here in Tampa Bay and around the Gulf Coast back in the old days. They were designed in 1919 in New Orleans but not seen much anymore. This one is in need of a total rebuild so I volunteered the guys to take on the project. I'm good at doing that. Since it's a keelboat we need to tow it across Tampa Bay to lift it out and this damn storm Debbie is screwing with our schedule.

Stan's Foam Boats



Stan's foamboard kayak is progressing. His foamboard Puddle Duck racer was a great success and this kayak is even better. It's modeled after our standard 14-footers and has all of the improvements learned after building a dozen of those. He pre-glassed one side of the three 4x8 1/2" foam panels before he did any cutting.

He then cut the patterns out and put the glassed side on the inside so he doesn't have to fool around glassing that, then sands the outside to a fine finish and glasses that. This one is all done except for the final finish and weighs about 10lbs. I predict a big demand for these boats. I want two for myself to replace my wooden ones.

Jim's Boat



Jim's boat is getting its deck started. He's like the rest of us, insists on figuring out all the details himself. It's more fun waking up in the middle of the night thinking about this than it is waking up worrying about money or children or wives.

Crazy Steve on Ash Breeze Cover



Here is the picture from hell as far as guys here at the shop are concerned. Of all the boats and all the skippers in the world, why this one? The reaction from all was, "Oh my god, that's Crazy Steve in his Melonseed on the cover of *Ash Breeze*". We'll never hear the end of it.

Barry's Melonseed Cockpit Tent



Barry's a professional photographer and a little nuts 'cause this tent looking thing is set up on his tiny 13' Melonseed, to sleep in I guess. The other guys have a little more room.

Peter's Bird of Prey



Peter the Plumber has never seen a high performance sailboat he could pass up. Here's his latest acquisition, a Klingon Bird of Prey or something like that. He's making an effort to convince his wife that this rocket ship is a conservative family boat, that's a conversation I'd love to hear. Not really, Gretchen's a good sport, either that or having a plumber in the house is too good to pass up.

We've Never Heard Anything!



I came across this picture of *Tricia Marie*, the melonseed that Howard enlarged to 20' and put this giant rig on. She sure is a beauty, isn't she? Wonder who owns her these days? After she was sold we never heard anything about her again.

Bringing Home a Fish



We had an exciting day in early July. In my usual dumb ass way I volunteered the boathouse gang to pick up an old boat, bring it back to the shop and restore it back to like new condition. No big deal, you say? Well, nothing to do with old boats is easy. This particular 70-year-old Fish class (the southern kind of Fish, not the Yankee version) was in the water and constantly in danger of sinking. The boat belongs to friend Charlie's best friend, Harold Balcome, who he thought it would be a shame to see one of the last of these old boats of the Florida fleet to go to the dump.

I am a sucker for these kinds of challenges and besides, 40 years ago my brother and I delivered some big Morgan sailboats. The pickup trip involved more than just hooking up to a trailer and bringing it home. It didn't have a trailer and we had to launch Phil's pontoon tow boat on the east side of Tampa Bay, motor 16 miles to the other side of the bay, tie on to the boat and tow it back to the Tampa Sailing Squadron so they could lift it out of the water for us with their hoist. Of course, hull speed applies to boats whether they're under their own power or are being towed so the trip back across took three and a half hours.



Charlie, Harold, Phil and two other old sailors were there at the boat to welcome us at the pick up. These guys are great. It doesn't seem to matter how old real sailors are, they never grow up and can dish out the crap with the best of us.



I really prize the picture of Harold, Charlie and me. The boat will require a total rebuild, I don't think any of the wood will remain, Howard's favorite job. Halfway back across the bay Crazy Steve went back to pump the boat and heard a clunking noise. It was the 400lb keel beating back and forth. We're very lucky to have made it all the way back.

Tyvek Boat Cover



Howard was taking the melonseed he made for his daughter up to Ohio in early August so Steve showed him how to make a boat cover from Tyvek. This stuff is great. It's waterproof but still breathes, is tough as nails and easy to work with. Took them about two hours to make this one. We all went in together and bought a whole roll of it from Lowes, it's good for lots of things.

A Teenager on Tampa Bay



Charlie sent me these pictures of what he was doing as a teenager on Tampa Bay. Just goes to show that growing up on the water, hanging out with boat bums and avoiding responsibility will lead to a life of no good. I love the kid holding the jib out with his foot, a human "whisker pole" who probably didn't have any whiskers.

And the weenie dog running around on the deck reminds me of my youth (some claim that the boathouse gang here at the Happy Hour Club have reverted to that stage, but what do women know). I've included a few of the other boats he went on to play with. The last one is how Charlie looks today. The outside may be wrinkled and gray but he's definitely still that teenager on the inside ready to jump on a floorboard.



Chelsea's Charms



Crazy Steve and Lenna were driving up to their island in the St Lawrence River (somewhere across from Kingston) to get away from the sauna here in Florida and thought it would be fun to show the other half what a real classy river boat looks like. He spent the last week before leaving getting *Chelsea* all shined up and ready to show off.

The more we play around with this boat the more sensible it is. It's hard to go wrong with a Briggs and Stratton lawnmower engine driving an outboard motor lower unit. I've never seen another one like this and it's so practical. Lawn mowers always start for at least ten years, and when they finally don't it only costs a couple hundred dollars to put in a new one.

Drawn to the Dark Side



Next is the sad tale of another fine builder who was drawn over to the dark side by something he saw here at the shop. Don't ever forget the second half of our name, "and Happy Hour Club." Most of our best ideas and crazy ones are hatched in that half of this place.

Well, Trimaran Frank saw my fantail and roof made from 2" Styrofoam. After he beat it with a hammer and jumped on it, he decided to give it a try. This is the main hull of his new 22' tri. Notice the beautiful shape of the bottom. He's a true convert, after a couple layers of glass this stuff is super strong, light and fun to work with.

Yeah, Lobsters, Right!



If someone said he had a Kingston Lobster boat, what would we think? Sandy's been telling us that for a while, so when he came back from up north he brought it with him. This is not in any way what I expected. It's 18' of gleaming wood and fancy stuff.

Yeah, lobsters, right. He probably doesn't even let smelly feet on board. It has a skeg hung rudder. This just may be the prettiest little boat I ever saw (I say that a lot, don't I?)

All This and Still No Respect!



Here I am running a stump grinder, I do all this stuff for the guys and get no respect. I cut down a huge tree and removed its stump for Howard so he could get into his spot easily, got it out of the way of Phil's brand new covered area and all I hear is complaints about them not getting paid union scale. You show me a union shop that allows its members the honor of providing the refreshments for management.

Crazy John Comes Through



I'll start this one with a man I once called "crazy John". It takes a special characteristic to be called crazy in our outfit, regular boat nut jobs are just the norm, Barry Long would've qualified if he'd built two 16' foot melonseeds that he couldn't get out of his basement instead of the 13s.

In this instance John is an Aussie, which just about qualifies him right there, but what makes him special is that he built a boat in the smallest space ever, a raised 6' wide walkway between his house and shed. Take a close look at the picture to see. None of us will ever beat this, who the hell would want to. Now John's an architect who probably likes to get the most from the smallest space, and he did. It took six months to come away with this neat little sharpie. Notice the super-simple sail rig. He wanted a shallow-water boat, this is it. A good job. Here's an email from him, they have a fun language:



"Hi Dave, remember your crazy Aussie mate building his sharpie out on the verandah under the tarpaulins. Well she's finished, so I thought I'd better send some photos as promised. Launched about six months after I started building her. As promised, she was christened with rum! She's called Sarah Wilson after my great-great aunt. Her brother, my great-granddad named his 70' barque (built in the 1850s) after her, so I thought I'd better do the same, in case he came and scolded me or something.

She sails like a lizard drinking... that's Aussie slang for flat out! She's a beaut alright. He's a link to a youtube video as well, though don't mistake the skipper for me, that's my mate, Alan.
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dzmBCMKBLE>

And So Does Crazy Steve

And here's another one, sorry John but Crazy Steve puts us all to shame, if that's the right word for this category. See this tiny little sailboat out in the middle of the St Lawrence River with all the big boats? It's our Steve in his Wee Lassie schooner.

For you who aren't familiar with this boat, here's me holding one. Jam in a couple of broom sticks and it becomes a schooner. If you're not big and fat like most of us and are indeed crazy you could sail this thing in a swimming pool!! Here's an email from Steve of where he went in this toy.



"Two days ago it was blowing 15 knots or better all day and I was bored so I shortened sail on the canoe (mizzen stepped in foremast partners and leave the big sail on shore). I was able to easily stay upright and had some fun but it wasn't what I would call a fast ride.

Yesterday was about the same conditions, maybe slightly less wind but blowing pretty good from the SSW, white caps and chop, big waves up the channel near

the lake. I was feeling like a wimp from my chicken performance of the day before so I set up the canoe with the full normal rig and headed out with the intention of sailing up to Horseshoe Island (2 miles up channel, right at Lake Ontario), where my friends the Corrigan's all live.

I finally figured out how to keep the canoe balanced in any real wind. I hunker down as low as possible with my body on the windward side and my windward arm over the gunnel (gunnel snugged into my armpit). Looward leg up as close to the CB trunk as possible and stay sheeted in using my head and windward arm to "hike". I can keep her pretty flat and level that way even in gusts and she freaking goes fast!

I didn't have a GPS and I'm low to the water so it's hard to tell but I'll wager I was doing 6 knots or better on a reach and even 7 knots running. Close reaching up near the lake was sort of a problem because the lee rail sometimes dips under going over big waves and there's no way to bail underway. Also, spray and sometimes more comes in over the windward rail so it was a wet ride.

Too wet to make it all the way to Corrigan's sailing so I went to shore near their island, struck the sails, then paddled the rest of the way, which was a mistake because it was blowing at least as hard if not harder than when we were coming back at Bishops Harbor. I was exhausted when I got to Horseshoe. I should have just dumped water and sailed the rest of the way, doing short boards.

I hung around with some Corrigan's for an hour and a half drinking beer (Canadians are excellent hosts, they have a beer in their hand for you as they are walking up to greet you). Headed back home at 6pm, all downwind and it was like a Nantucket Sleighride! I was back at the dock at 6:20 and Lenna was down there with lots of my cousins all drinking beer, so MORE BEER, YEAH!!"

What do you think? After reading this and seeing the boat, is he "Crazy" or what? I suppose that I should add that Steve is a world class whitewater kayaker so he can deal with whatever the water can throw at him.



A Fast and Easy Build

A guy called me about how to build a boat the fast and easy way. Evidently he had called RAKA and was asking Larry there a lot of technical questions about boat stuff. In a stroke of brilliance and to get back at me for giving him crap all the time, Larry suggested he talk to me. That's one way to pass the buck and who would know better than me how to do something the fast and easy way.

Scott wants a 30' power boat he can live on and use in the Keys when he's off his oil well shift and he wants it now. He came to the shop to see how we do things and is off and running. Here's the shop he built to make it, this is one serious builder. Kind of like Aussie John.



Some Old Boats Just Can't Be Saved

The Fish we towed across the bay was one. There was nothing inside its fiberglass skin that wasn't rotten to the point that we could just reach in and pull it apart with our hands. When we lifted it off the trailer with the skyhook and had it hanging there in the air, I kicked the keel to see what would happen and it fell off to the ground, keel bolts and all.



Phil and I hauled it to the dump today and the old girl just fell apart when the big tractor picked her up. We can't believe it made the 16-mile trip across the bay. I did save one thing from the old 1952 boat, the bottom 4' of the mast. I'll see if I can get a master model maker, like Pop-I Schuster or Rahj Allen, to make a couple of half models of the boat from it.



Only 25 Years Ago



Here's me in a little dory I built in 1987, as designed it was too short to be useful so I cut it in half and added 4' to the middle. I still look exactly like this.

Stan's 19lb Foam Kayak Trials



Stan tried out his all foam kayak, the final weight is all of 19lbs. I need two of these to put on top of *Helen Marie*.

Hull Flipping Day at Crystal River



They had all kinds of cables and ropes and winches and poles rigged up and they managed to turn this thing over with no damage and no injuries. When the 3,000lb hull was all the way up and past the tipping point it refused to go on over without a little help.

It was a fun day in spite of the heat, not something we'll see very often.

For a 9 minute video go to:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=79QaHVe82jM>

For more details about the boat, here's the link to their site; <http://www.tsca.net/CRBB/>



Tabernacles



We've made tabernacles before, especially with the larger boats that live on trailers and need masts put up and down. For the smaller we've just picked the masts and dropped them into their holes.

Howard made a melonseed for his daughter and wanted her to be able to raise and lower the mast easily so he made a smaller tabernacle for her. Wally thought it was a good idea and made on for his new boat. He also realized that if done properly he could leave the gaff, boom and all the sails and rigging in place and just drop them all together. What a brilliant concept! Just push the whole thing up and be sailing in a minute, all lines in place.

Once the obvious is pointed out I can sometimes grasp the idea, this was one of those times. I went right over and cut my mast off. I didn't want this big clunky thing so I'm making a delicate one. It's a 2' length of 3" PVC pipe, cut and shaped and reinforced with carbon fiber, fiberglass, Kevlar and more glass.



Melonseed Tabernacle is Finished



I finished the tabernacle on my melonseed and tried it out. I put the mast up, grabbed the halyards and pulled the hell out of them. I pulled hard enough to lift the wheel of the trailer off the ground, probably twice as much as it would take to turn the boat under sail over. Didn't even creak. There's been a lot of speculation about how strong carbon fiber and Kevlar is so I put a lot of it on the pvc pipe, 1/4" thick all around. Should be able to pick the whole boat up with this thing, we'll see.



On to Mast Building

Now on to mast building. It's been a while since I've made one, so when Peter the Plumber said he wanted to swap out his oak tree for a better mast, I jumped at the chance. Wally had just finished the yellow one so I had a refresher on how to do it, mine is the bright one. Most of you think it's a big deal to make a mast for a small boat so I'll tell you the easy way to make one of these 16-footers that are 3" at the bottom tapering to 2" at the top.

First, go to Lowes or Home Depot and pick out two 16' "whitewood" 2"x4"s. Not

yellow pine or cedar or fir, just the cheap ass stuff. Pick out ones with the smallest knots and straight. They cost about \$6 each and are light. Lay them on your bench and route a 1" half circle down the middle of each one about 2' from each end. Get your chalk line and snap lines angling from 3" up to 2" at the other end, get out your circular saw and cut the line.

Mix up some epoxy with a little silica to thicken it up some and smear it on both halves and clamp the hell out of the two halves. So far this has taken you about two hours and no super human skill. The next day you get your grinder and smooth off the hard epoxy that oozed out the seam, then snap lines on that side. The bottom is already 3" so go from there to the 2" at the top. Saw the line, leaving it all a little big. Set your saw to 45° and eyeball off some of the square sides.

Don't worry about getting this perfect, the next step takes care of that. Now the fun part, get your power planer out and go up and down the long stick for a while to get it half ass shaped. Then, I can't believe I'm saying this, get your long hand plane out (I don't own one but Wally does) and make a bunch of passes to get the humps out. Now for the sanding. Go get a wooden rolling pin, pull off one end and put in a big screw so that end won't turn, take a bicycle inner tube, wrap it around the pin and staple the ends.



Chuck it up in your drill, turn a belt sander belt inside out and go to town. It'll be smooth and slick in about an hour once you get the hang of it. Like everything else there is a learning curve. That's it except for the finish. I wrapped the bottom with a couple turns of 9oz 60" wide cloth and then put two coats of UV resistant epoxy on the whole thing. You can see how heavy it turned out.

I can hold it straight out with one hand and Steve is balancing it with three fingers. It weights about 15 pounds and will turn your boat over before it'll break. The only ones ever to break were the ones some dumb ass backed under tree limbs while backing down for a beach launch somewhere. Go for it, it really is fun and we've found these to be stronger and stiffer for masts this size than birds mouth masts made from fir. The total cost will set you back about \$20.

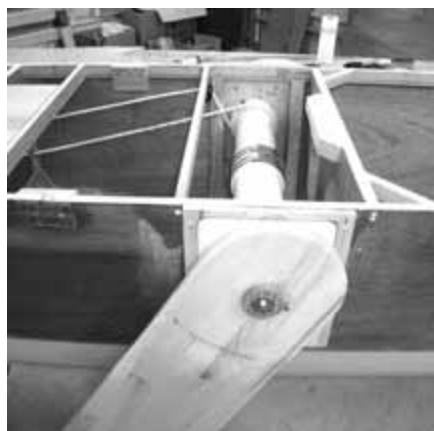


Jim's Still at Work



Jim working on his boat. He's off keeping cool in the mountains somewhere right now while it rains on us here. Jim can put a boat together as well as any of us, his goal this time is to keep it strong and above all light so it'll go well with a small thrifty engine. He's putting a lot of thought into every piece to see if it's the best it can be.

Frank's Leeboard Setup



Trimaran Frank is figuring out a simple way to raise and lower the leeboards on his 24 footer; here's what he's come up with so far. Frank specializes in being able to do all operations from his seat inside the boat.

Sandy's Paddle Making Too



Sandy's turned into a paddle maker like Steve. He's making four at a time right now then it's on to some fancy canoes. He broke the cardinal rule of being retired, he's taken a commission to build four of the things, there goes all the fun.

Chelsea on Steve's Dock

Steve's dock with *Chelsea*. Check out the clear water and it's not salty, he says you can drink it. He's on his way back from his island retreat on the St Lawrence river so to make him feel at home we've arranged for it to rain every day to the point of creating a river and then lake in his shop. Hope it's still there when he gets here.



Wally's Lightning



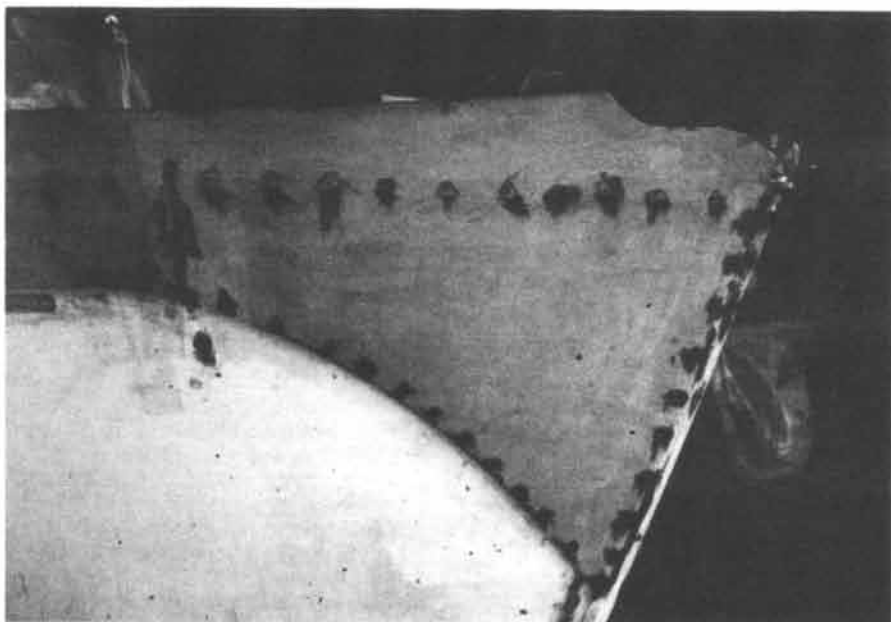
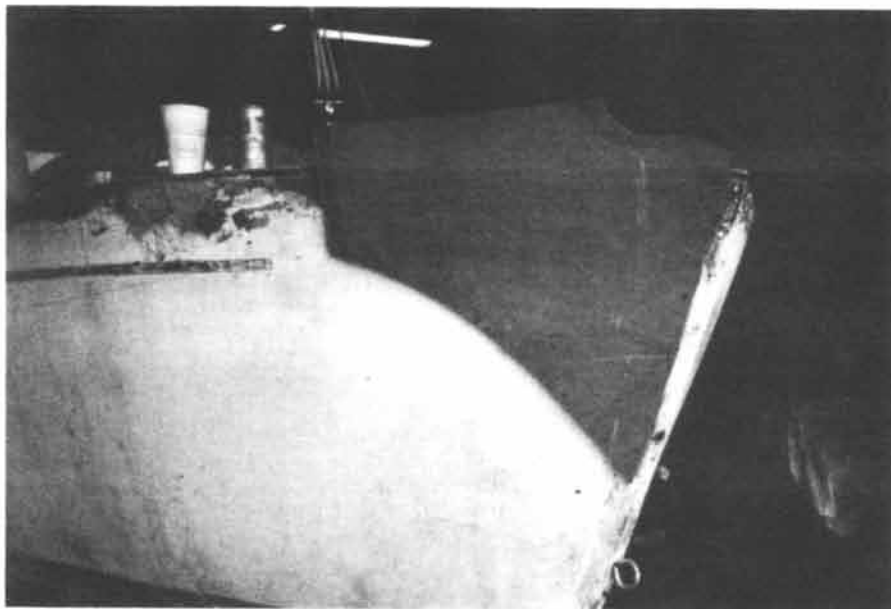
Wally's Lightning, he's excited to see what he can make from this old boat. The fiberglass deck has a foam core so it was light and strong. I think he has a picture in his mind of what he wants but its time to start sticking on little sticks to see the size of things. Being around this shop changes a man. He starts off rational and changes into a dreamer, just dying to see what he can create. It sure is fun watching it all and putting in my two cents worth which is usually ignored, thankfully.

Mike Looks Kinda Cold and Wet



Mike Wick sailing in Maine. He looks kinda cold and wet, I sure hope so. I suppose they'll just pull up one the beach somewhere, start a fire and warm up the rum punch or whatever Yankees drink. He has too much fun playing with his buddies and boats.

The Best of Jim Thayer



The Saga of "Sow's Ear" Westward the Wreck

By Jim Thayer

When last we saw the dear "Ear" she had gained a transom and a deck. To the seagulls she looked pretty good.

The deck rot had eaten into the top-sides somewhat and crept down the stem. I had originally thought to run a solid plank down the sheer, but that wouldn't solve the stem problem. For years I had two 5' x 10' sheets of fancy Lydney ply sitting in the shed. I never used it because some snow had blow in and the stuff had started to delaminate (don't trust any plywood, soak a piece). This was a good chance to find out how bad it was. It turned out that just the end of one sheet was glue starved.

The ply was put on with thickened epoxy and lots of drywall screws run into a backing strip. The screws were deeply countersunk and covered with thickened epoxy. The mess was smoothed down with a belt sander, which wasn't the best tool for the job, but remember, this is a Q&D project.

The idea of the moment was that the new sheer strake would give solid purchase for the chain plates so that a hitch from the chain plates over the cabin top to the tractor would enable us to roll her up on her beam ends for some bottom work. She hadn't rolled more than a few degrees before the girls started waving and hollering. Even deaf as I am I could hear ominous crunching. Obviously the bilges weren't strong enough to support the weight. What to do?

The "Ear" was scheduled to go into the bushes till my next return from Colorado. However, moving her around was a problem and hard on her bottom. Another year or two in the Virginia climate would probably finish her for good. Her trailer had already gone west but had been marginal anyway.

I stopped by the local thunderboat dealer and with some effort (no gold chain, no glitzy shoes) got a salesman's attention. About \$3,500 for a nice two axle trailer. Ouch! A check of the Trading Post produced a paucity of boat trailers, but lots of car trailers. OK, the Sow ain't fussy. A mere \$1,850 got us a 7,000# gvw tandem axle that looked like new. My boat trailers usually wind up with a platform built on them anyway.

This rig would solve a lot of problems and get a lot more junk west. Lumber and plywood went on the bottom, then the "Ear" with masts along the sides and a lawnmower and other oddments in front. The boat was crammed with low density stuff and then a Punkin was jammed into the cockpit. The whole shebang was topped off with more masts and a lovely Sitka plank.

Classic stem rot.
Trying for effect. Note bevel for scarfing in situ.
Strake in place. Epoxy bungs not sanded yet.

Truck and trailer came to over 10,000 lbs which is an imposition on three liters but we got on well. It was hotter'n blazes so we had to forego the air but she pulled some killer hills in West Virginia with little complaint and rolled on through the flooded midwest without problem.

In eastern Kansas, just as we thought we had it made, she got something in her craw. She hiccupped a lot below 2k rpm but ran fine above that, so it was just a case of keeping on the stick. Thanks to the American Trucking Assoc. and a concupiscent Congress, much of the Interstate system has been reduced to two lanes. I'm afraid that we slowed the flow at times.

We had been debating whether or not to try the divide. At the rate we were losing power, 11,000 feet didn't look too promising. No doubt we could make it in low range but it would be a drag. Well, we could go around through Wyoming.

There is a mean grade on the approach to Parker and we topped out in low gear. That tore it! We ditched the old dear at my sister's place and went over the mountain like a big bird. Sometime later my son-in-law, Andy, had busines in Denver and we snatched her back over the hill with his big Dodge Turbo Cummins.

I was distressed to find that the cast iron board had racked the case out of shape. We unceremoniously yanked her off with the tractor, covered her with a tarp, and there she is, huddled in the snow as I write. There is no hurry now, she'll keep indefinitely. But, maybe in the spring? Stay tuned.



Tire time. The gallant Nissan in Kansas.



"Sow's Ear" at the top of Vail Pass, the high point of her career.

Home safe! The "Ear" meets "Jessie", queen of the yard at Collbran.



Almost home. Susan listened for funny noises while Mom kept watch from the followup car.



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Can This Boat Be Saved?

By Jon Anderson

I have the Fulmar sloop that I think is Jim Thayer's boat in the story by this name in the August issue. I purchased the boat in 1978 from an attorney who sailed her out of Chicago. I, too, sailed her that summer out of Montrose Harbor, enjoyed her salty looks and favorably comments from many who liked her yacht like features in such a small package (nearly 6' headroom, incredible stability, lots of brightwork).

But I was lured to the fast and shiny and purchased a Mull 22 that winter and parted with the Fulmar in the spring of 1979. I have owned many sailboats and the Fulmar is one that I always wished I'd kept. Google Fairey Marine Fulmar to get all the specs on her with a profile drawing and photo of boat under sail.

There was recently one for sale in England that had an open cockpit configuration different from what I had. Mine sported a half bulkhead on the starboard side with a small galley. This provided a split cabin with access to the forward compartment with head and V berths via an open portside "doorway." This privacy feature was a real plus. The interior hull walls were cream colored, but everything else was beautiful brightwork with brass oil lamps, etc.

The other cool feature was the swing keel guage that indicated just how far down the keel had been lowered with the visible geared mechanism. The boat also came with a collapsible folding dinghy.



Fulmar 20 (Fairey Marine)

Designer	Uffa Fox
Builder	Fairey Marine (UK)
First Built	1958
Number Built	60
Hull Type	Swing Keel
Construction	Hot Molded Plywood
LOA	20'6.1m
LWL	18'5.49m
Beam	7.75'2.36m
Draft (max)	5.75'1.75m
Draft (min)	1'0.3m
Displacement	2,000lbs/907kg
Displ/Length	153.1
Ballast	475lbs/215kg
Ballast/Displ	23.7%
Rig Type	Masthead Sloop
Sail Area	200sf/18.58sm
Sail Area/Displ	20.21



The Applegarth Skipjack That Got Away

By Greg Grundtisch



In June of this year I got an email from Susan Peterson Gateley. It said, "Ahoy, do you have any ambitious boater friends who want a project? This is a must move situation. The house has been sold, Dad's had a stroke, the poor boat has to go. I would expect it would go for free, but the challenge is moving. She says (the owner's daughter) the trailer isn't functional." This was all from a posting on craigslist in Rochester to sell a skipjack for \$500.

That was the first of several more emails about the skipjack and its situation. I thought I might be interested, or the Buffalo Maritime Center might be interested, or even the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum. Then Susan and Chris Gateley asked me if I would like to meet them at the house where this little skipjack was residing to check it out as they might be interested. We met and were introduced to two men who arrived with a big moving truck. They turned out to be family friends who were taking the furniture and such to Florida to help out the family. They also told us a more comprehensive story of what happened to the owner and the family.

It all began in 1951. A man named Curtis Applegarth bought a boat yard at the head of Town Creek in Oxford, Maryland. He did some commercial work but was most noted for his skipjacks, built as yachts rather than workboats. Interestingly, he worked for 20 years as a hardware store clerk and selling clothing before he bought the yard with his savings. The Applegarth Yard built over 73 boats, 45 were skipjacks from 16' to 45' long.



The Applegarth Yard is now the Oxford Yacht Agency. Shiny high end stuff there now.

The aforementioned owner had commissioned the now famed Applegarth Yard to build him a skipjack in 1969. Susan Gateley also wrote in her email, "Back around 1971 I saw this sweet little skipjack at Brockport Yacht Club. That was early in my sailing career, and then she was all fixed up and pretty to look at."

As we learned from the movers, the owner had half dozen strokes over the past years. He never gave up hope of regaining his health. We were told that his wife would get him outside in a chair and he would do some sanding, painting and whatever he could do, never losing hope to get his beloved skipjack back in shape. As time went on his health deteriorated and the wintr cover eventually tore and blew off, no one bothered to put on another and the boat was exposed to the less than mild winters up here for several years, and so the skipjack also deteriorated.

It currently sits on a trailer that has a couple of flat tires and some wheels that are seized with rust. The boat itself looks good from a distance but there are some areas of rot that will require some extensive restoration.

This was once a well-built and beautiful little skipjack of 22'. Now it and its history will vanish eventually. Fate, time and weather can be unkind to both boat and boater if not cared for properly. The name of this skipjack is *Windsong*. She had oil lamp running lights and two small wooden barrels

for storing water, among other accessories that were all "old school" traditional.

This may be the only remaining Applegarth skipjack that isn't in a museum. It is likely, and very sadly, headed for a landfill. If it was not on that trailer it could easily be put on another trailer and saved. But it is too heavy to be lifted where it sits. Doesn't it make ya half crazy to see this happen? You can't save them all, I guess.

Epilog

As of July 24 the Applegarth skipjack *Windsong* has been saved from the landfill by a family of avid sailors and woodworkers who have taken possession of this pretty skipjack and intend to restore her and get her back in the water.

The way I learned of this was an email to the person posting this boat on craigslist. I offered a small amount of cash in exchange for the sails and engine and some of the parts and pieces, to be saved for future reused on various other boats, either of my own or some others I know that could use them. The intent was to at least save some of this boat before it all ends up as compost.

I was told "thank you for your interest and help trying to find someone to take this boat, but a family of sailors..."

So one more classic will be saved and put back in sailing order. For me it was a relief, as I did not want to cut her up and salvage the parts.

I love this stuff! Happy sails!

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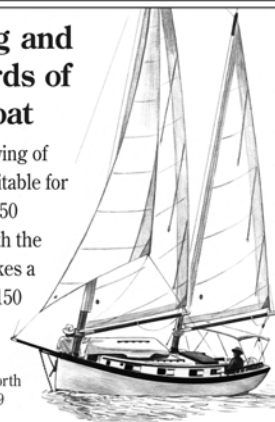
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While I haven't taken proper advantage of it, the weather has been hot, dry and calm hereabouts. However, Mike is bringing Willie over next week for sailing instruction. I've rigged and unrigged the Minto a couple times already this season. Now looks like I'll be putting her clothes back on her for that.

I did spend a couple part days out in the 100° sun attempting to rig the Livingston for more stable instruction platform duty. I finally decided that while the overall setup is quite likely to work, I didn't like the strength of some of my inventions yet. (I made gudgeons, modified a Lazer rudder, made a clamp-on leeboard and used spare parts and fasteners to make "chain plates" and "turn buckles," etc.) The tiller is carved down from *Lady Bug's* original (three or four iterations ago).



I had a few minutes before dinner so made a quickie tabernacle, found some not currently employed hardware and slung the leftover Mayflower mast way, way up and away. I'll probably take 4'-5' off the foot of that gynormous stick before it's done.

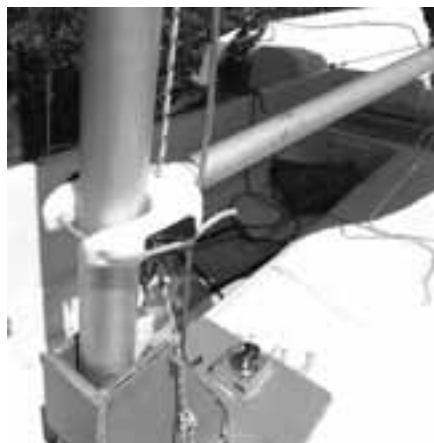


Sea trials are still needed to decide on the more or less correct spacing for the board. I went ahead and placed the tabernacle from on horseback. (The guy who "designed" the rig for the Catalina 30 told me he did it that way. You know, "let's put it about there.")

I fashioned the gooseneck out of a piece of scrap UHMW that would probably be strong enough to serve as a rudder stock bearing on a Banks Schooner. "Machining" was left to a 3" hole saw, band saw, drill press and belt sander. Wish I had a lathe sometimes.

Assembling a Leftover Parts Boat

By Dan Rogers



I was out of proper cordage so got some $\frac{3}{8}$ " poly line at Harbor Freight. Not the best plan, so that boat is set aside for a while. I just can't run down to the Diamond Lake West Marine or the Newport Fisheries Supply for non-stretch Dacron, if you know what I mean.



The Minto main would make a "reefed" sail for this one, and I have a leftover full-sized main from when *Lady Bug* wore a shorter top hamper that fits almost exactly.

Let's see. That's the same sail that was deemed sufficient by a famous designer for a 16' long, 8' wide, one-ton boat that I'm putting on an 11', 200lb skiff. I hope I guessed right on the spot for the mast step as it's glued down now. Nah. Shouldn't be a problem. Shown are both Cape Horn and Horse Latitudes rigs.



If nothing else, I'm on the way to making a less tippy lake boat. I've discovered that *Limerick* is not only a lot shorter than she was 30 years ago, she's less willing to wait for me to roll tack and gybe while shifting from one elbow to the opposite knee. So she's already been fitted with an electric motor and forward facing seat for "promenading." Works quite well.

I've even begun inventing the dagger board trunk mounted rudder and tiller setup. That's going to include a few scraps of MDO, aluminum plate, aluminum shaft and copious amounts of JB weld and imagination. Maybe a couple more hours on that one yet.

Sailing a Leftover Parts Boat

By Dan Rogers

I sailed my made-from-leftover-parts boat for the first time tonight. That poor confused old patched and painted Livingston hull, a Mayflower mast and boom. A Lido 14 main. Battens I made on the table saw and sander. Halyard borrowed from Limerick, as well as halyard turning block and mainsheet cam cleat. A salvage store Laser rudder blade. *Lady Bug's* old tiller, cut down to fit the Laser rudder. A tabernacle and daggerboard case made from leftover MDO plywood, held together and held down with Gorilla Glue. Cleats taken from one of the in repair botomcoat hulls. Gudgeons made on the band-saw and router tables out of scrap ultra high molecular weight polyethylene. Odd deck screws with torx heads were used to anchor most of the other fittings and hardware.

I took a header and simply decided where to put the tabernacle and the daggerboard well, without the nicety of a clamp-on test series. This may occasion the addition of a prod and jib. The helm is pretty heavy. But hey, the odd bits tensioning tackle that I had pulled the headstay tight with had progressively slipped and allowed the mast to slowly take on that beach cat rake by the end of our sea trial. Mostly I can't stand it any farther upright yet because each shroud is held to the leftover chainplates from a *Lady Bug* project left moribund, with a daisy chain of shackles and stay adjusters that depleted my stock.

So, to make the shrouds longer, I'm gonna have to find my micropress squisher and make some short lanyards. Or, of course, I could simply take a few inches off the bottom of the mast. But then I'd have to re-drill the stick for the tabernacle pivot bolt. And the darn boat's tied up next to *Old Salt* in a borrowed slip that took most of yesterday afternoon to empty of *Lady Bug* and fill with the other two. Yeah. That was three trips to the ramp with a similar number of trips to the storage building and at least one with my little tractor pulling empty trailers around a bit, too.

So the idea of pulling that boat out of the water to set the mast up in a jig on the drill press (to drill only one hole) sort of makes it useful to do it some other way. And, of course, if it takes a bow poker pole to hang a jib on, then, it just seems logical to make that pole also wear the first name "gin."

Anyhow, it was downright exciting to sail a homemade boat the likes of what I would have been very pleased to build when I was 10 or 12. In fact, I did build a few of those. But I think this one is going to sail even better. At least drier. I was able to sail standing up and walk around without problem. Yes, fishing boat chairs on each end of a removable thwart will enhance crew morale. And, of course, there are designs flitting around on the mental slide show that allow for an outboard side deck arrangement that will allow for hiking and/or sitting at the rail in some more comfort than the as is. Gee, with the addition of a stand up shower and gourmet galley...

Epilog

Well, I broke the little catamaran last night. My mission was simple but I really should have given up before I started on that one. Much of the day had been spent working with Jim, setting anchors to hold a couple of boats off the decidedly lee shore aspect of some of our floating boat slips here. Lots

of free diving and working things both into and out of the lake bottom. One of the projects was to set a Bermuda Moor for the little cat. Lots of stubbed toes, cut hands and other rewards for doing what was better left to my once 12-year-old-self. Later we had the cat sitting pretty on her very own mooring ball. Ready for action. Soooooo.

I still had to deal with the fact that the mast was raked too far aft, largely a result of not quite enough stuff available to make the shrouds long enough. I made up some lanyards and thought I could "simply" row out (and work from yet another of my little fleet) and fix the problem while at anchor. WRONGGGGGG!

Like I was saying. I really shoulda known. A couple hours earlier I was finishing up on another slightly overdue project. I had been given another mid '60s V4 Evinrude. Probably about 400lbs, dunno exactly. It has been lying where it was deposited a while back in a grass field. Long story a bit shorter. This transaction involved taking a small fishing boat out of the water and onto its trailer. The four-stroke outboard off that boat needed to be transferred to a hand-me-down 14' ski boat. Shall we say a "still usable project boat?" And, of course, that boat needed to be launched for the first time in a decade, or longer. Any number of rusty bolts and stuff later that job was done. At least these two particular boats don't call ME, "daddy." I was just there to manage the project(s).

Part of this thing required me to load my engine lift onto the trailer I was set to use to haul the "free" motor. And remarkably, that went pretty well. Other than the fact that the casters on that behemoth are really supposed to work only on concrete floors, two of us (shall we say, no longer of an age and condition that makes any sense to be hauling and lifting heavy metal things around by brute force) got the OMC brute loaded and ready for me take it home. At that point "all I had to do was off load and hang it on the rack in the shop."

There's quite a few steps to getting a huge outboard motor from a trailer in the driveway to a rack in the back corner of the shop. Lots of lifting and twirling. But I lift and twirl whole boat hulls by myself. So, "shouldn't be such a big deal..."

Anyhow, in the process I managed to do the unthinkable. Yep. I actually tipped the engine lift over and had the motor dangling in an almost inextricable position. Like those movie chase scenes where the bad guy's car ends up teetering on the guard rail above the abyss. The addition of two floor jacks, a bunch of dunnage and, yes, some well timed help, got the darn thing safely mounted. But after that I really shoulda known that it was not a good day to try to rearrange the shrouds on a 20' mast on a floating dink..

So now, I gotta build another tabernacle. I gotta go pull that poor little cat out of the water and re-re-re-design and rebuild some of the rig. Quite a mess. Pretty much like the big OMC. One minute just about done and put away. Next minute, crash, bang, ooooooooooooooooooooo.

Yep. I shoulda' known when to give up. It just might be time to take my fishing pole down to the dock and sit on the bench. Quietly. And maybe just drown some worms. Just sit still for a while. Nah.

Unplanned Departure

By Dan Rogers

We had to make an unplanned departure from a downwind slip under sail. The motor refused to keep running as we shoved off, so up went the main and out came the elbows-and-ass-gig for a minute or so. Then *Lady Bug* showed the lady she truly is with a nicely trimmed suit of hand-me-down sails.



Why Wood?

Wood is the oldest of materials used for building boats and today is still the best choice for the backyard boat builder. Besides wood's obvious structural properties of light weight and strength, it has many other qualities that make it the ideal material for building boats. The natural bending characteristics of wood automatically work to create boats of pleasing and efficient form.

Wood is both durable and resilient, resulting in boats that, if properly maintained, can last a lifetime. Wooden boat building requires only very simple tools and much of the joinery can be accomplished with hand tools, which adds a special element of satisfaction to the project. Thousands of boats, of every possible description, have been designed to take advantage of the properties of wood.

Wood is both readily available and relatively inexpensive, and suitable lumber for boat building can be found in virtually every part of the world. And, of course, wood is pleasant and easy to work with and is beautiful and pleasing to the senses.

The Dilemma

As boat builders we tend to select woods with qualities of outstanding beauty and durability and those specialty woods are often in limited supply. Many of the world's timber resources have been stressed nearly to the point of no return and, by seeking out the highest quality wood so that our boats will have long lives, we are in danger of making a bad situation even worse.

One solution is to use woods that may not be the absolute best but will work well enough, especially so, considering the many excellent protective surface treatments (paints, oils and sealants) that are available. And, of course, skillful joinery techniques of the kind employed by the craftsmen of the past really do help in creating boats that are less likely to fall victim to the ravages of weather and time.

With a little research one should be able to find sources for woods that are both good for boat building and certified to be grown and harvested using environmentally and socially responsible forestry practices. Whenever possible request those, because in doing so we are also sending a message that those products are supported in the marketplace by strong demand.

For information on certified forest products, I strongly recommend taking a look at the SmartWood program. SmartWood works to improve forest management by providing economic incentives to businesses that practice responsible forestry. It is one of many excellent programs of the Rainforest Alliance, a global nonprofit conservation organization.

Lumber Sources

From experience gathered over many years, and through much experimentation, builders in every geographic region of the world have found that certain woods work better than others for boat building, especially so when used in that region. Start a lumber search by checking local suppliers and, if there are any doubts or questions about the wood chosen, consult boat builders in the area.

The craftsmen I know are all good-natured and love to share their knowledge (along with a good yarn) about what does and doesn't work, and they might just turn out to be good sources for quality boat lumber. Other

Wood

The Ideal Boat Building Material

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats
www.jordanwoodboats.com

sources of information are regional maritime museums, which usually have experts in the local maritime lore on staff. Libraries, the internet and university agricultural extension services are also good sources.

Selecting Lumber Air Dried vs Kiln Dried

Lumber for boat building needs to be seasoned, which means that most of the moisture from the green wood must be removed. The two methods for doing this are air drying and kiln drying. Air drying is the best for boat lumber because it yields wood that is more "alive." However, it requires considerable time (approximately one year per inch of thickness for hardwoods but considerably less for softwoods.)

The idea is to gradually reduce the moisture content of the wood to a state of equilibrium with the surrounding environment, normally between 12% and 16%. The closer the wood is to this moisture content, the more dimensionally stable it will be and the better it is for boat building.

The exception to this rule is bending oak, which should not be dried at all if it is to steam bend easily. Much of the lumber available to the average builder is kiln dried, which is acceptable as long as it hasn't been over-dried or under-dried.

Quarter Sawn vs Flat Grain

The boat builder should try to select quarter sawn (vertical grain) lumber whenever possible. This is lumber that has been sawn so the grain runs perpendicular to the flat side of the board. Wood milled in this way shrinks and swells less than flat grain wood and is less likely to twist or cup. One will have to pay more for this but it is well worth it.

Heartwood and Sapwood

Avoid sapwood when selecting lumber for a boat. Sapwood is the live part of the tree that is closest to the outside. It is usually lighter in color than heartwood and is much less decay resistant, and dimensionally less stable.

Defects

Wanting the best possible lumber for a boat, requires taking a little time to examine prospective wood for defects, keeping in mind that some types of defects are limited to small areas of a board and, if they don't involve decay, may be worked around.

Some Common Defects

Warps: Warps include twists, bows, cups and crooks. Twist is the corkscrew warping of a plank, while bow is bending on the flat, much as it would appear if bent around a boat. Both of these defects are grounds for rejection. Cupping is the curling up of the edges of a plank, while crook is the curving of the edge of a board (either convex or concave). Both of these conditions can be worked around, but will require extra labor.

Checks and Shakes: These are splits or cracks in the wood. Checks are usually small and occur at the ends of a plank. Shakes are a major separation of the wood grain inside the plank. They can weaken the wood and should be avoided.

Knots: Knots may be acceptable if they are small, sound and free of decay. Knots like these can actually be beneficial for lapstrake planking since their presence means the grain pattern is not perfectly parallel. A row of rivets aligned on the same line of grain can cause the plank to split there. One place where knots are not acceptable is in any part that is to be bent, including longitudinal structural members.

Decay: All rot needs to be avoided. Don't even use the apparently good part of a board in which rot has been found, since decay is not always easy to spot and may be present in spite of inspection.

Lumber Requirements

Lumber is normally sold by the board foot, which is a volume measurement equal to a piece of wood 12"x12"x1", or 144 cubic inches. One will not, however, get 144 cubic inches of lumber when buying a board foot. This is because the actual amount paid for started out as a rough board and the milling process turned some of that into sawdust.

Before making up a shopping list, study the plans to determine the need to allow for this when ordering the lumber. For example, does the designer mean 1" thick or 1 1/8" thick when the plans call for 1" lumber.

Making Long Lumber: If long pieces are required and are not available, make them from two shorter pieces by splicing them with a scarf joint.

Buy Extra: Whenever possible, select wide boards, especially if owning equipment to resaw and rip to size. Wider lumber is more versatile and it allows nesting patterns for better economy. Also, be sure to buy extra to allow for mistakes, wood defects and other unforeseeable mishaps that are inevitable in this kind of work.

Lumber Thickness: Wood of the thickness required for the planking and other parts of a boat is not always a standard lumberyard item. Therefore, one often must re-saw and plane thicker stock to the required dimensions. Not having the tools for this, requires finding a good lumber supplier, custom woodworking shop or cabinet shop that will provide this service.

Substitution: Whenever possible use the types of wood specified by the designer. Often he calls for a certain species because of important qualities such as light weight, strength, durability, toughness, etc. However, when those species are not available, locally available woods with similar weight, strength and durability characteristics can safely be substituted, and are often more economical.

Boat Building Woods: There are a number of wood species that, through broad usage and a long history of successful application, are generally accepted as being good boat building woods. From the accompanying table, appropriate woods can be selected.

Plywood: Plywood has been around for a long time and is proven to be an excellent boatbuilding product. A great variety of boats has been designed to take advantage of its tremendous versatility. There are many types of domestic and imported plywood, and the choice of which to use can be a little confusing so I include here some information that should help make an informed selection.

Marine Grade Plywood: The designation “marine” indicates that high quality, durable woods, and waterproof glue, proven under marine conditions are used exclusively in production. Plywood plies are termed A, B, C, or D, with A being the highest quality. Marine plywood has either two A faces or an A and a B face, with the inner plies being B grade.

The best and strongest marine plywood has outer and core plies that are nearly the same thickness. Plywood is most commonly available in standard 4’x8’ sheets, but longer panels are sometimes available, though it is not hard to make your own long panels by either scarf or butt block joining.

Domestic Marine Grade Plywood: Douglas fir, and sometimes western larch, are used in domestically manufactured marine plywood. Fir marine plywood is a good product and, compared to the imports, is relatively economical. It is usually available in 1/4”, 3/8”, 1/2”, 5/8”, 3/4” and 1” thickness.

Imported Marine Grade Plywood: Imported marine plywood is available in a number of qualities and varieties, but most are likely to be considerably more expensive than Douglas fir marine plywood.

The big advantage of the imports is that many varieties are made from woods with very high quality surface plies that take a superior finish and don’t develop the surface checks that are typical of the fir-faced domestic product. The thickness of imported plywood is designated in millimeters so, for the purpose of selecting the correct thickness for a boat, use the following English/Metric conversion table:

1/4” = 6mm
3/8” = 9mm
1/2” = 12mm
5/8” = 15mm
3/4” = 18mm
1” = 25mm

Exterior Grade Plywood: Exterior grade domestic plywood and lower grade imported plywood is often attractive for reasons of availability and price, and not long ago some of the exterior grades were of good enough quality for building boats.

However, the standards that are the rule for marine grades and make for a consistent and reliable product are simply not there for the other grades, and since we can’t see inside the product we don’t know what we’re getting. For this reason, I now recommend only marine grade plywood for building boats.

Some “authorities” suggest that some types of boats (plywood ones in particular) are short-lived by nature and the builder should just use exterior grade plywood, any old framing lumber and cheap fasteners and finishing products. In my opinion, that attitude virtually guarantees a throwaway boat.

Those of us who have been around the waterfront awhile know from experience and observation that using high quality materials produces a boat that potentially can last a lifetime if one takes the time to properly care for it. The added expense of using only quality products should not be looked at as an obstacle, especially when factoring in the many extra years of use built into the boat.

The Bootlegged House

I’ll close this discussion with a story that deals somewhat with wood quality, but also reveals a little about the area where I live and some of the local characters who conspired to shape my life. The house in which I have lived for almost 40 years was

built in 1927 by a man named Jack, who was a bona fide member of the WWI US army horse cavalry, and later an entrepreneur of nearly boundless energy.

He is responsible for building a number of houses in the area as well as an infamous, regionally known South Beach beer parlor, The Alligator Tavern. This establishment was notorious for its caged live animals, including a black bear, an alligator and several monkeys.

Jack was also a smuggler and clam poacher of some renown and had a grand notion of how to get ahead in those lean times. Every minus tide found him harvesting the local mud clams until he had sufficient tonnage to carry out his scheme. He fired up his pressure cooker, preserved the tasty bivalves in jars, loaded them into his car

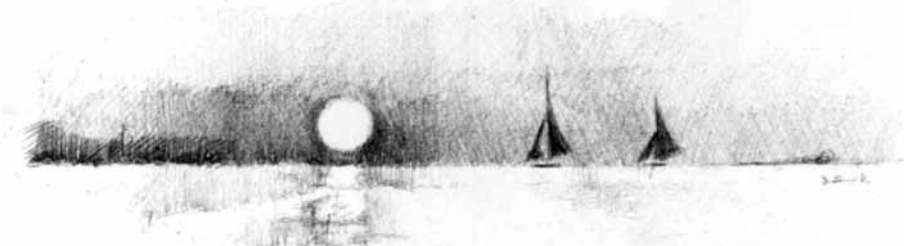
and drove them to Arizona, where he spent several weeks annually recovering from the damp Oregon winter.

While there he swapped the clams for moonshine liquor (remember, this was the depths of Prohibition), which he transported back to his home in South Beach. The story doesn’t end there though. Jack had a little rowboat and a raft, which, under cover of darkness, he rowed out into the bay alongside the ships that were loading lumber for transport to various foreign ports. He bribed the longshoremen with bootleg booze and they, in turn, loaded his raft with high quality old growth lumber from the ship. This went on night after night until old Jack had enough lumber for his project, the house in which I live which, by the way, is still in great shape after 85 years.

Table of Wood Qualities and Applications

Species	Weight	Strength	Decay Resistance	Screw Holding	Uses
Ash	Heavy	B	D	B	Tillers, Oars
Cedar, Alaska Yellow	Medium	B-	B	B	Planking
Cedar, Port Orford	Medium	B	A	B	Planking
Cedar, Western Red	Light	D	A	C	Planking
Cedar, White	Light	C	B	C	Planking
Cypress	Medium	B	A	B	Planking
Douglas Fir	Medium	B	B-	B	Spars, Joinery Frames, Backbone Members
Larch, Eastern (Hackmatack)	Medium	B	B-	B	Natural Stems & Knees
Larch, Western	Medium	B	B-	B	See Douglas Fir
Mahogany, Central American African	Medium	B	B	B	Planking, Joinery Transoms, Frames Backbone Members
Mahogany, Phillipine	Medium	B	B-	B	Joinery, Planking Transom, Frames Backbone Members
Oak, Red	Heavy	A-	C	A-	Same as White Oak
Oak, White	Heavy	A	B	A	Steam-bent Frames Backbone Members
Pine, Longleaf Yellow	Heavy	A	B	A	Backbone Members
Pine, White	Light	C	C	C	Planking
Spruce, Eastern	Light	B	D	C	Spars, Oars
Spruce, Sitka	Light	B	D	C	Spars, Oars
Teak	Heavy	B	A	B	All Applications

A=Very Good B=Good C=Fair D=Poor



A good friend of mine and fellow canoe designer Bruce Kunz is now deceased. He used to say that any time he was working on a new design it was a crap shoot. He never knew what he was creating until he put it in the water. Well, the plywood canoe that I have been working on since last winter was a failure. The dice came up wrong. I built several models both cardboard and lauan. The experiment looked good and the panels went together well, but when it went into the water I was very disappointed with its performance.

It was not my first failure. I built a rowboat from a stretched Bolger plan for the Car Topper as a stitch and glue boat. The 16-footer went together very nicely and the finished boat really looked good but I was very disappointed in the way it behaved. It had way too much rocker and it was very hard to row in any wind. I sold it and broke even on that deal.

Many things were wrong with this new boat that I just tested. For starters it was too heavy, it weighed half again as much as a wood stripper of the same size. I built the boat at nearly 16', longer that I like for a solo canoe. The assembled boat looked pretty good but the real test was in the water. It failed. Yes, it floated OK but it had no initial stability, it would firm up OK when heeled about 15° but I don't really want to paddle on my side.

Now I have this unfinished hull that I have put into storage in the loft while I decide what to do with it. It cost me about \$150 of my Mad Money and that account is not that big anyway. I am not going to scrap it, at least not yet, but I must get on with my life.

I am not ready to quite building boats so what next? I have been wanting to get back into stripper canoes so I am leaning that way. I have avoided working with cedar for a while because of an allergy to cedar sawdust. If I build any more strippers I must be very careful to keep the dust under control. I have a fairly good dust collector and face masks that work well if I use them. I developed industrial asthma a few years back when I was producing one boat after another very rapidly. I know the effect it has on me and I have to be committed to be careful.



By Mississippi Bob And for My Next Project...

OK, I am over that hurdle, what next? I have never built a showpiece boat. I see guys who build one boat that is furniture quality. I have built over 50 boats that were so-so but they worked. I was always experimenting with new designs and building glitzy boats was not a priority. Maybe it is time to build one.



My budget does not allow too many mistakes so I think I will backtrack to a known hull. I have built several boats that became plugs for several manufacturers so I think I will go back to a proven design and try to improve on it. I also want this next boat to weigh no more than 35lbs so it must be small. I have been hoisting canoes that weigh 40lbs onto the truck roof but I am not getting any younger or stronger so I'll let go a little.


I have a few sets of canoe forms in my loft that have sat for years. Time to use one set. One that I have been thinking a lot about lately is the Slipper. Years ago I designed a canoe that Mad River put into production. It was a 14.5' solo canoe that they originally called the Lady Slipper. The name was later shortened to Slipper. The Slipper was a nice boat but I went on to do other stuff like a failed attempt at designing racing canoes. In recent years my designs have swung back to shorter, more maneuverable hulls like the Slipper.

I hadn't paddled a Slipper for years and really wanted to put one in the water and see if this was really the way I wanted to go. Mad River didn't build them for very long. It got replaced by a couple boats that Jim Henry designed himself. I felt that they were no better than my boat but he owned the company at that time and that was his choice. So I was looking for a Slipper to test and, surprise, one showed up at my back door. A friend had recently bought a rather beat up one but it was a Slipper. He brought it over and even loaded it onto my truck. Talk about service.

That same afternoon the boat got put into Nokomis for a test run. I liked it. I had forgotten what a nice canoe it really was. Now I feel confident that I can modify it for my next design. A little tuck here and a small change there and I will have my perfect canoe.

I have the forms and a strongback that I can modify and I have bought some cedar boards from the local Big Box Store and I am ready to start a new boat. It will be called the Mini Slipper.

Before I close in my shop for the winter I will cut the boards into strips outdoors. That is a messy job and I would just as soon keep that sawdust out of my shop. In the spring when I open up the shop again the first thing out of my cocoon will be a perfect boat.




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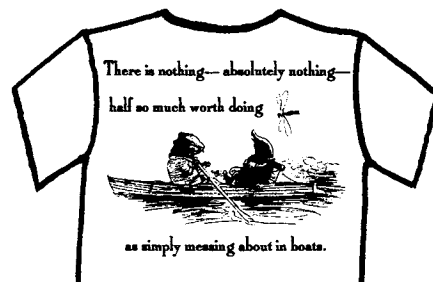
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The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop



From the Director

Eric Stockinger

During July I joined what seemed like the entire town of Rockport, Maine, to watch the launch of Rockport Marine's latest restoration, *Adventuress*. She is a beautiful 83' 1924 Fife that underwent several years of major restoration by the outstanding craftsmen and women at Rockport Marine.

While watching the boat slowly settle into the water was certainly exciting (they had a diver untie the bow line from the trailer), I was more taken with the crew. It turns out that at least four Apprenticeshop alumni had a hand in bringing *Adventuress* back to life.

Michael Norgang, with whom I apprenticed some years ago, did extensive joinery

work on the boat, including some of the teak hatches. Brian Englander, who was a student back in the Artisan College days, was the project manager, overseeing the entire project. Adam Yanchunis, a recent A Shop grad, helped build the sails while working for Nat Wilson, the renowned traditional sail maker in Boothbay Harbor. And Alastair Doyne-Ditmas, who was in the same class as Englander, has signed on to skipper the boat.

It's great to see so many of our grads working on a project like this, especially knowing that there are hundreds more all over the country and around the world doing the same thing!

Ship in a Bottle Workshop



The art of building miniature ships in bottles has been around for centuries, reaching its high point aboard the sailing ships of the 19th century when clear glass bottles became plentiful. As part of the year long celebration of our concurrent 40th and the museum's 50th anniversaries, on October 27-28 Maine Maritime Museum educator, writer, historian and ship in a bottle craftsman Jim Nelson will lead a unique workshop at The Apprenticeshop, taking students through each step of this traditional sailors' art form. Participants will each build a ship in a bottle that they can take home. All tools and materials will be supplied. Class limited to six.


Special registration is through Maine Maritime Museum by phoning (207) 443-1316 or register directly online at <http://www.eventbrite.com/event/3381864247>. Please register two weeks prior to start date. Cost for museum members is \$209, non-members \$219, includes \$20 materials fee.

Win This Boat



16' Perkins Island lighthouse tender, lapstrake cedar planks on white oak frames with hackmatack stem and knees, fully rigged for sailing with spruce spars and sails made right here at the Shop. This boat build was a collaborative project of The Apprenticeshop and Maine Maritime Museum and was launched in June. It is an exact replication of an historic vessel in the Museum's collection, originally built in 1905 by Lyman Oliver of Popham and used to tend the Perkins Island lighthouse on the Kennebec River.

Raffle tickets are \$5 each or five for \$20, available by phoning or visiting The Apprenticeshop, 643 Main St, Rockland, ME, (207) 594-1800. Drawing is Saturday, October 20. Proceeds benefit The Apprenticeshop and Maine Maritime Museum.



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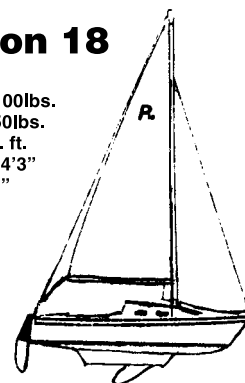
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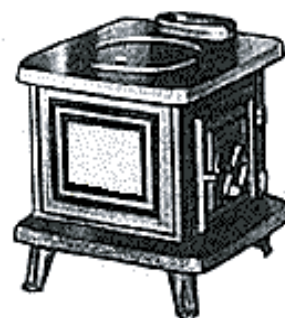
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XXXIX

MISCELLANEOUS

Fenders.—Motor tyres make the best fenders; if you put some oil on the blade of a sharp knife you can cut them quite easily. Motor-cycle tyres are of a convenient size; cut a good big hole opposite the lanyard for drainage.

Alongside a Jetty.—If lying alongside a jetty with vertical piles, hang a plank (or sweep or spinnaker boom) over the side and place the fenders between the boom and the ship's side. It is better to damage your spinnaker boom than to chafe the side.

A piece of flexible wire 10 fathoms long with an eye and shackle in each end is useful for making fast alongside a stone jetty or to the ring of a mooring buoy or in any position where a hemp hawser might chafe.

Knife.—Use a Boy Scout knife until you can afford a more expensive yachting knife of the same size; wear it on a belt and when the hook breaks replace it with a spare spring hank. A Girl Guide knife is a convenient size for carrying in your pocket ashore.

A pair of night glasses with a magnification of 3 or 4 is the best for general use. If you can afford a second pair get prisms with $\times 6$ magnification, but you will only be able to use them when fairly smooth.

Oilskins.—Most of us if we have a short coat and trousers wait until we are wet before putting on the latter. A better plan is to wear a long coat and oilskin leggings which can be put on without removing the coat.

Leadline.—Plaited line is the best and a cheap sash cord will serve. Disregard the standard ship marks; the following is a good system:

1 fm.	1 piece of leather boot-lace.	5 fm.	Line with one knot.
2 fm.	2 pieces of leather boot-lace.	6 fm.	Tape.
3 fm.	Red bunting.	8 fm.	Leather.
4 fm.	Blue serge.	10 fm.	Line with 2 knots.
		15 fm.	Line with 3 knots.
		20 fm.	2 pieces of line.

Towing and Salvage.—If there is the slightest element of risk in the position of your ship when you accept a tow you may be charged salvage and have to pay as many pounds (or more) as you expected shillings. You have no reason for any grievance because the men concerned demand what

they are entitled to by law; but, of course, it is much better to settle a price beforehand. Carr in *A Yachtsman's Log* gives an instance where some longshoremen were towing a yacht to sea. They deliberately manœuvred their boat so as to break the tow rope; the yacht was thereby endangered and they claimed salvage in recovering her. Obviously there are crooks in every trade, but our experience is that fair treatment is the general rule. When a lifeboat has been able to render salvage service to any vessel the crew are entitled, under the regulations of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, to claim salvage as private individuals. It is of interest, however, to put on record that on one occasion when assistance was given by the Padstow lifeboat the coxswain took the view that it was good practice for the crew to be called out on service.

Broken Boom.—If your boom should break you will probably be able to set the sail loosefooted with a reef. Even if fitted with roller reefing, your mainsail should have reef cringles, and a row of eyelets in the close-reef position; but setting the sail in this way will subject it to a strain that it is not designed to resist. To ease this strain bend a rope to the cringle in the leech and take the other end to the mast; this will take some of the strain off the foot.

Survey.—In buying a second-hand yacht it may be advisable to make an offer subject to survey; then get a professional yacht architect to examine her. If he reports much repair work necessary, the owner may very likely abate the price. The buyer has to pay the surveyor's fee and all necessary expenses whether a sale takes place or not.

Starting Nuts.—To start a nut that has rusted up apply paraffin; then hold a piece of metal against one side of the nut and hit the opposite side with a hammer. This may jar the thread loose; if it does not, try heating with the Primus. This makes the nut expand and it will generally free.

Solder.—It is quite easy to make a simple repair, say to a leaky Primus, but you must have some "soldering fluid" purchased, quite cheaply, from an ironmonger; scrape the surface to be repaired bright and remove all traces of grease; wet the surface with the fluid and then melt the solder over it. To make a neat job requires much skill and the soldering iron should be "tinned", i.e. covered with a thin coating of solder. Heat the iron, wipe with a rag, dip quickly in the fluid and then apply the solder to it.

Hooks.—When hooking a block to a ring the hook should point up and not down as one might suppose.

XL

BERMUDIAN RIG

(With acknowledgments to Laurent Giles & Partners Ltd., who have kindly collaborated.)

Since 1919 an ever-increasing number of yachts have been rigged with Bermudian mainsails.

The cause of this is not hard to find. Designers as a whole seem to have been successful in producing more easily driven hulls than in years gone by. The days of large yachts and large paid crews and 20-tonners with two or three hands are a thing of the past.

The owner, if he is to sail at all, has to have an easily worked ship, perhaps one paid hand and two or three friends.

All this has led to the simplification of rigging and sail handling, particularly with regard to headsails and the almost universal adoption of the Bermudian mainsail. We are here talking of the average yachtsman who cruises up and down the coast with occasional cross-Channel trips.

Much of the development of the sea-going Bermudian rig is due to the influence of ocean racing which has concentrated on making the rig simple, efficient and reliable. In support of the latter feature it is noteworthy that the only Bermudian mast casualty known to the authors to have occurred during all the races sailed under the R.O.R.C. since its inception in 1925, has been one top bay carried away by a German yacht in the 1939 Weser Race.

Sail Plans.—The Bermudian sail plan consists of a mainsail and various combinations of headsails, the mizzen in yawls and ketches being also Bermudian. Bermudian schooners carry Bermudian rig on the main and either gaff foresail or staysails, but rarely a Bermudian sail aft of the foremast.

Headsails are commonly named by reference first to the order of their halyards up the mast. The sails set on the lowest halyard being called "Staysails" or "Foresails", those on the second halyard up "Jibs"; and if there is a third halyard, sails set from it are fundamentally "Jib Topsails". A sail whose clew comes appreciably aft of the mast, intended primarily to be set alone, is a "Genoa", but may be a "Genoa Staysail", "Genoa Jib" or "Genoa Jib Topsail" according to the halyard on which it is set. Staysails and Jibs are commonly differentiated by numbers. Jib topsails, whether set over a jib and staysail or staysail only, are termed "Yankee", "long rope" or "Baby" according to size, the Yankee having a luff the full length of the topmast stay. Other sail names are generally self-explanatory.

Combinations of Headsails.—The old terms of Sloop and Cutter may be conveniently used for differentiating between sail plans with various combinations.

A Sloop is a vessel carrying only one headsail at a time, but may be rigged to carry either masthead or lower headsails alternatively.

A Cutter is one commonly carrying two or more headsails at a time.

Fig. 33 illustrates the sloop rig. In the case of the true sloop rigs as carried, almost without exception, by the class racing yachts, headsail halyards are rigged to hoist sails only on the forestay and no sail is set from the masthead. This is the simplest possible rig and is demanded primarily by class racing conditions for ease of handling in the execution of quick manoeuvres. The cruising version shown allows the alternatives of the low foretriangle of the true sloop or a masthead foretriangle, whose object is to obtain the maximum possible sail area for a given and moderate height of mast.

Fig. 34 illustrates a cutter showing the two headsail cutter rig with no masthead headsail. On the jibstay a Genoa or jib may be set.

Fig. 35 shows the two headsail masthead cutter rig. Here

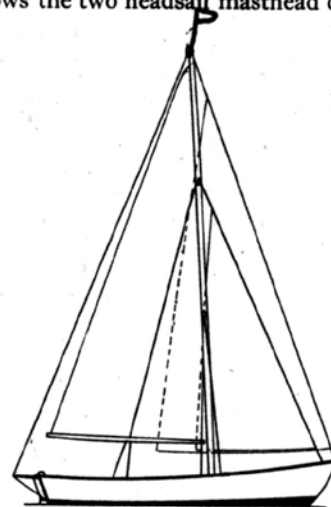


Fig. 33

the sails from the masthead being on the second halyard are "Jibs", though the term "Yankee" is applied to the largest. In order to remove the load from the masthead in strong winds and maintain the balance of the sail plan, two alternative forestay positions are often provided either parallel to the topmast stay for use under jibs or taken nearly to the stem head when a staysail only is carried.

Fig. 36 shows a three headsail rig which gives the opportunity of carrying a low or a high jib or Yankee. This provides for relieving the masthead by setting any jibs smaller than the Yankee from a position lower down the mast. This is considered to be the most suitable rig for cruising purposes.

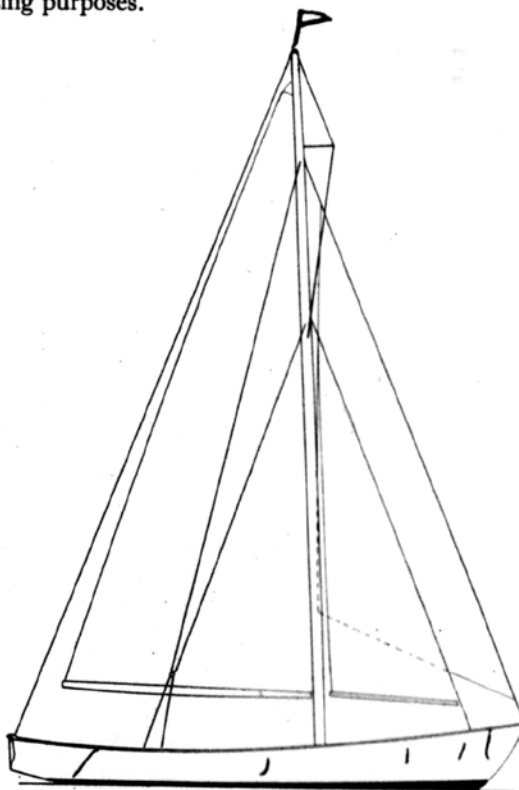


Fig. 34

It is seen from these diagrams that there are many combinations of headsails all so arranged that there is no difficulty in changing sail or handling them. At all times the sails are under control, being all set on stays.

The superiority of modern hulls allows advantage to be taken of the greater efficiency of the Bermudian rig to windward. As a result the boats point higher, necessitating more

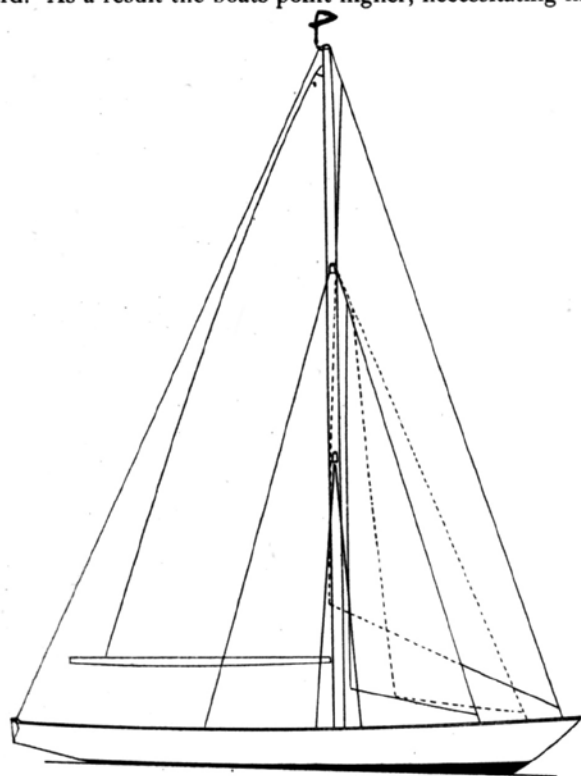


Fig. 35

efficient sheeting arrangements. This has produced modern sheet winches in which the combination of single sheet and winch eliminates all the difficulties and slowness from overhauling the double part through the bullseye or block and the tendency for the latter to hang up on shrouds or stays.

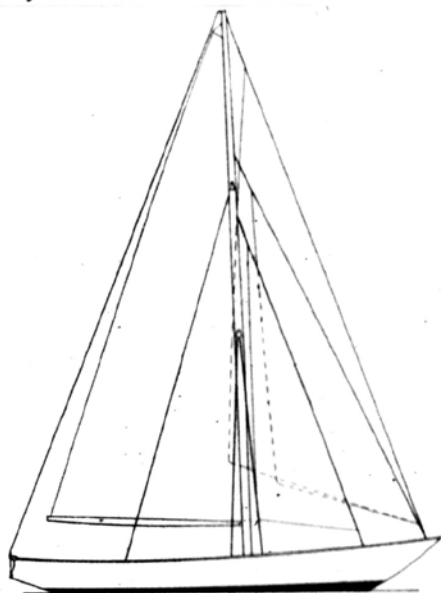


Fig. 36

Wire halyards are used and in conjunction with manila purchases and/or winches on the mast, eliminating tack purchases, centralizing operations and clearing the fore-deck.

Masts and Rigging.—One of the most essential points with a Bermudian mast is to keep it straight. This is done by means of various arrangements of fore and aft and athwartship rigging, consisting of wires and crosstrees or jumper struts or a combination of both.

It is generally agreed that oval masts are most suitable, the fore-and-aft dimensions of the mast section being about 1.25 times the athwartships. The height above deck for cruising yachts is commonly between 1.5 and 1.7 times the W.L. length. (The R.O.R.C. height limit is generally below the latter figure.)

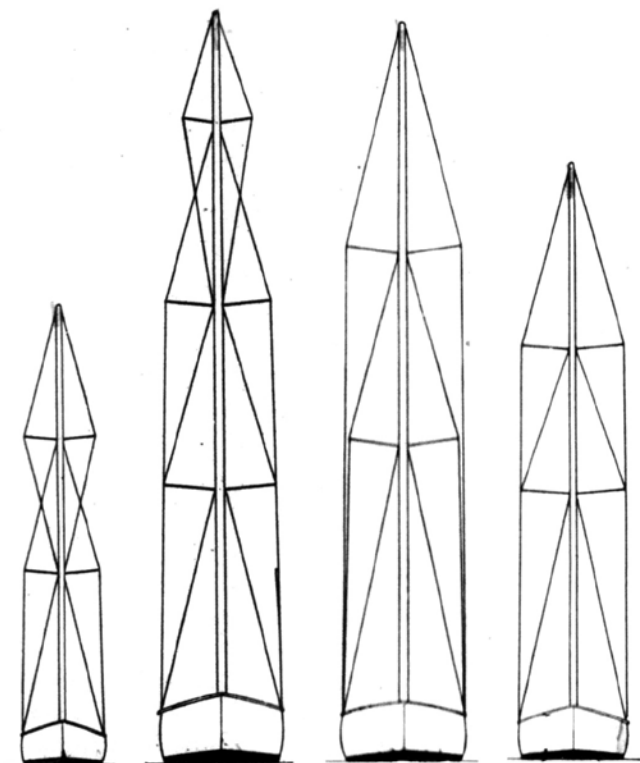
The object of all stays and shrouds is to transfer to the hull the loads imposed on the mast by the sails and by its own momentum when in a seaway. As a broad principle it follows that any load applied to the mast must be backed up by a stay or shroud at the point of application; and conversely that no stay or shroud should be provided where no load is applied.

If figs. 33 and 33a, 34 and 34a, &c., are studied in conjunction with each other, it will be seen how the rigging is influenced by the above principle, and is adapted to the different arrangements of sails. The thwartship rigging is conveniently split up into "bays" according to the position of headsail halyards and the length of mast below the forestay. It is sound practice to keep these "bays" of approximately equal lengths. Crosstree lengths are a compromise between obtaining a large and efficient angle between shroud and mast at point of attachment and interference with set of headsails on the wind.

Shrouds may either be led straight from crosstree end to deck (as in fig. 35a) or may be "linked" at the end of the next crosstree down (figs. 34a and 36a) or may be brought in again to the mast as "diamonds" (fig. 33a).

Where no sail is set from the masthead the load may be carried above the jib halyard by Jumper struts and stays which serve the dual purpose of topmast forestay and topmast shrouds, further contributing to the general efficiency of the rig by eliminating the former which is seriously in the way of the spinnaker and by transferring the pull aft at the masthead to the jibstay through the thrust of the struts.

The arrangement of fore-and-aft stays, again, depends on the headsail arrangement adopted. The forestay, in cutters and sloops with masthead genoas, is commonly portable where ease of tacking under a Genoa is important in order to avoid dragging so large a sail over the stay. The stay in this case is usually carried through a sheave along the deck and set up by a Highfield or other lever. Two positions may be provided as in fig. 35. The smaller yachts may safely be sailed in quite arduous conditions of wind and sea under a masthead sail with the forestays removed when the runners should be slacked off as there is no corresponding load for them to absorb. This becomes increasingly dependent on smooth conditions as the size of the boat increases.



"Runners" or "running backstays" should be led from the point of attachment of forestay as in figs. 33 and 35. There are many ways of rigging the runners but some form of lever is strongly recommended for cruising yachts owing to the certainty of applying the correct load.

The jibstay in fig. 34 will be a standing stay. It is generally backed by an upper runner as in fig. 34 or one independent of the lower runners (to the forestay). In the latter case the term Preventor is frequently applied. In fig. 36 the jibstay will probably be portable. In such an arrangement the jib and staysail halyards should be kept close enough together to allow a single runner to serve both without imposing excessive bending on the mast when only one of these sails is being carried.

The topmast stay is a standing stay except in racing sloops where it is, if not replaced by jumpers, commonly on a purchase to allow it to be slacked up for the spinnaker. Its opposite number is the preventor, almost invariably a standing stay in Bermudian boats though possibly fitted with some ready means of adjustment.

Reefing.—It will be seen that all the booms are well inboard, facilitating reefing. Roller reefing for Bermudian mainsails is not recommended, as the sail is badly pulled out of shape and the outer end of the boom drops and the boom is then too low for comfort.

When considering roller reefing it should be borne in mind that the angle of the leach of a Bermudian mainsail to the vertical is commonly greater than with a gaff sail unless the sail be very narrow. This makes the leach tend to creep in along the boom, giving a baggy and ineffective sail unless carefully pulled aft as the boom is rolled.

Mast and Boom Tracks and Slides.—Trouble with tracks pulling off or screws coming out and jamming the slides

may nowadays be regarded as of the past and one of which there is no real danger in the light of existing experience. There are many types of tracks and slides on the market, but the best is the track carrying internal slides and is made of bronze or an aluminium alloy. The majority of ocean racing yachts are fitted with this type of aluminium track which may be obtained from James Gibbons Ltd., St. John's Works, Wolverhampton.

The heads of larger mainsails should have the special slides supplied, and luff slides should preferably be attached with proper sailmaker's rope grommets.

The attachment of the mainsail luff to the mast by running the luff rope up a groove in the wood or a special track is being developed.

Attachment of Rigging.—Rigging may be attached to the mast either by loops, or independent strops or cleats, or to "ironwork". This is generally specially designed for each yacht. Jackets are unreliable on oval or pear-shaped spars owing to the lack of grip unless carefully supported independently by cleats or bolts. Standardized fittings for crossrees and shrouds adaptable to different sizes of mast and hollow steel spars are available and are made by Dundas & Co., The Airport, Portsmouth.

The Bermudian rig is much more sensitive to the efficiency of the standing rigging than the gaff rig and quality of wire is of corresponding importance. To this end the "19-wire strand" rope, consisting of a single strand of 19 wires, is to be strongly recommended. It stretches less under load, has relatively larger wires and therefore the galvanizing is more reliable. It is used in conjunction with socket ends which eliminate splicing and may be attached by anyone, the only equipment needed being a ladle, Primus or other heating, and zinc to run into the socket.



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If anyone wondered, I went through the entire process of cleaning the cooling system on the Sisu 26, plus replacing the thermostat. I am not sure what was the solution, but the engine now runs with a constant temperature reading.

Many years ago, a member of our local boating group ran his boat into a day beacon on the St Marks River during a time of reduced visibility. His boat was badly damaged and the passengers injured. The boat was run up on the riverbank and another boat following him picked everyone up and went on to the marina where medical assistance was obtained.

His liability for the accident was the damage to his boat, the medical expenses and the repair of the day beacon. What brought this incident to mind was an article about a boat that blew up in a marina and the associated costs to remove the wreckage, repair other boats damaged in the explosion and the like (around \$600,000 and counting). What maximum liability does your boat's policy carry?

Some of my friends do not like "clutter" and throw away (or recycle) the "remainders" from projects. They then buy new when something is needed. Others (like myself) keep the pieces for later use. The other day part of a freestanding flower pot holder succumbed to old age and weathering and broke apart. Other than the part that broke, it was in good shape, so off to the pipe collection for two different diameters of pipe to create a splice. A short piece of thick-walled aluminum pipe, a piece of hard copper pipe and a short screw to hold it all together and the item is back in working order. In the backyard, dissimilar metals are not quite the problem they would be at the coast.

My homemade skiff was completed and it was time to get it to the coast. Plan A was to load it on top of the hearse for the drive



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

to the coast. Being in our late 60s, my wife and I decided taking it down on a trailer was a better idea. I found a trailer and did some rebuilding to hold the skiff.

We put the skiff on it and found a problem. By extending the trailer to hold the skiff, I had moved the center of balance back and with the skiff (all 80lbs or so) on the trailer the tongue pointed skyward. Since I could not move the skiff forward any further nor was there a convenient way to add weight on the tongue, I decided to lengthen the tongue.

I have two 2"x2" trailer tongues in storage. One is about 11' long and the other is 3' long. The plan was to take the hitch off the existing tongue and bolt on the 3' extension. The problem was that I could not find any of the steel, square "U" sections of the proper width and depth to fit over the tongue. I know the item exists because I have two trailers with these sections used to bolt the tongue to the trailer.

In fact, the two tongues I have in storage came off one trailer that was set up to exchange the length of the tongue depending on what was being towed on the trailer. In any event, I acquired a piece of 2"x2" angle iron, had a piece of 1.5"x1.5" angle iron in storage and some "hanger sections" to make the splice. The 2"x2" angle went on the outside and a hanger section went on the other side to avoid removing the piece of steel on

the bottom of the tongue that served as a rest to keep the hitch off the ground.

A problem in the process was removing the existing hitch from the tongue. The bolts were quite rusted in place. I used one of the penetrating oils for a couple of days and then started "tapping" the nuts loose. I could have pulled out my sockets and "breaker" bar, but I have found that when I go that route the usual result is a bolt in two pieces or a broken socket.

With the "tapping" approach I use a wrench of the proper size that has a box and an open end. The open end goes over the nut and I put a finger through the box end to help hold the wrench in place. Then I gently tap the wrench just below the box end with a hammer in the direction I want it to go. It took two days, but both nuts came off clean and the bolts will be available for use in splicing the two tongue pieces together.

In order to splice the two tongues together long enough to get the boat to the coast (one trip of about 30 miles), I had to drill some holes in the 2"x2" steel angle iron. The challenge was that I do not have a machine shop. But I do have a 1/2hp Defender Series Model 81 electric drill. It is a low speed, high torque drill that works quite well even at some 40+ years of age.

Since no one seems to make such rugged drills any more, I keep rebuilding it as necessary. The holes were drilled in four steps. First I used a pointed steel punch to "make the marks." I then I drilled "pilot" holes to get things started. Once the pilot holes were drilled partway, I shifted to a larger diameter drill and increased the size of the holes.

Then I used the 7/16" drill to finish the job. This approach keeps the larger drill from "wandering" on the steel as it may when using a hand held drill. It takes a bit of time, but works quite well.

Just what I need, a new boat when my collection is already substantial. *Jackaroo* is just a working title, but it is the nickname of the newest grandchild, Jack Dempsey, so it may stand the test of time.

She was listed on craigslist and the price was right. At first I thought it was impossible. The location of the boat herself was listed as BWI, and how would I ever get a 16' boat home from the British West Indies? A friend pointed out that BWI also meant Baltimore Washington International, as in the airport. Sure enough, he was right. Not such a bad delivery.

At first I was just on the list of potential buyers, but other interested buyers found various reasons to back out of the deal. They thought that she needed a lot of work. It was true, she did, but I had just attended the Herreshoff Symposium and listened to a full day of lectures about what was possible about building and restoring classic yachts.

I had just finished building another boat and was looking forward to taking a rest, but I took the plunge. If one enjoys building boats, there is nothing nicer than rolling out of bed, stripping off the cover and getting to work.

Last year, five of us had spent lots of time cruising the lower Chesapeake, boom tent camping in a fleet of 15-footers. I sailed my two different Melonseeds, and they are very seaworthy, but they are wet in the short little seas of the afternoon Chesapeake sou'wester.

Melonseeds are fine in the creeks and rivers but they take a dusting whenever we round a headland and have to stop and pump

Jackaroo A Haven 12^{1/2}

By Mike Wick

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

before going on. My buddies keep a close eye on me whenever it starts to get a little rough. That's my excuse for needing a bigger boat, or at least a dryer boat.

Once I got the Haven home and made a close examination I found that, sometime in the past, fresh water had been allowed to collect in the bilge. I noticed that there were soft places in the bedlogs of the centerboard trunk, so I stripped her down to the bilge and used a Dremel tool to clear away at the soft places. I've now epoxied and painted the bilge so this problem won't recur on my watch.

The interior is finished bright and I will mostly keep it that way, but in some places, mostly the forward bulkhead, it had suffered and now was the time for some paint. Pettit Sandtone looks almost as good as varnish. My buddy John England says, "The best thing about varnish is that it is so easy to paint over."

Spars are a different story. Paint just wouldn't do, so I sanded them down to bare wood and started with two coats of CPES, clear penetrating epoxy system. It is supposed to fill the grain of the wood so fewer coats of

varnish are required for a beautiful finish, and to bond the varnish top coats to the bare wood.

The catch is that it is terrible stuff to work with, just like nail polish remover. Even working outside with a big fan blowing the fumes away I needed a respirator if I was to make sure I lived long enough to ever sail this fine new boat.

I am making good progress and my household tasks are suffering from delay. I need to paint the porch and I sometimes pass up some fine sailing weather in my haste to get her done. But it is a great luxury to walk out the back door and set to work on my beautiful new boat.

I am scheduled to take my Melonseed to the Small Reach Regatta in July and I asked if I could bring this boat instead. Tom Jackson felt that she was too deep and doesn't row as well as the Melonseed. I can see his point. I hope to finish her and race in the class of Herreshoff 12-1/2s and her various clones in the Classic Boat Regatta at Bristol in late August.

There are two serious vertical cracks in the cockpit coaming, a beautiful 12' piece of bent mahogany. The only true way to fix it is to replace the whole piece but, at least this year, I will stop short. I've made a male/female mold of the damaged section, dug out the cracks and filled them with G-Flex epoxy. I will sand down the whole area with a belt sander and sandwich on a close match veneer. A belt sander is a crude tool, but it gets right down to the coaming/deck joint. That's something that no router will do.



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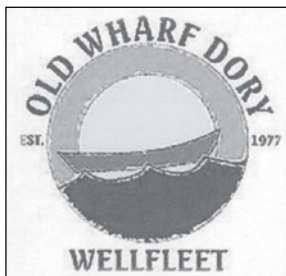
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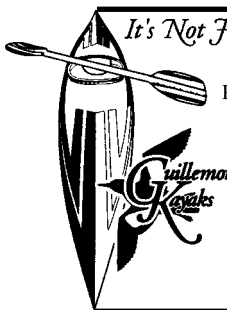


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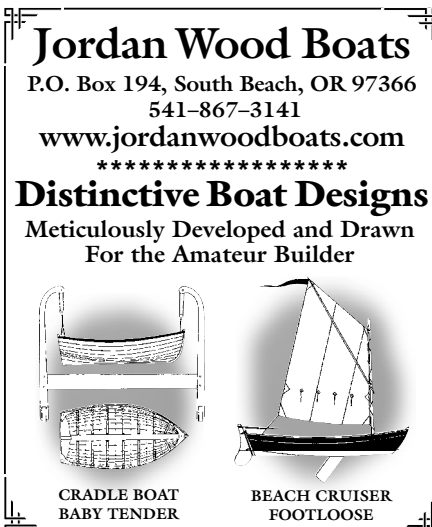
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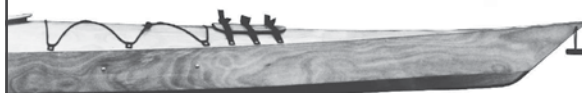
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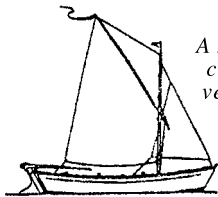


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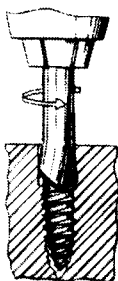
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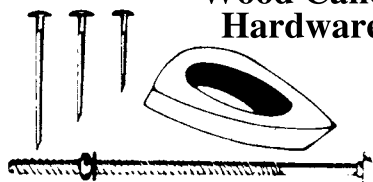
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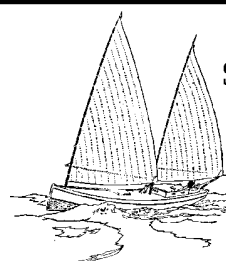
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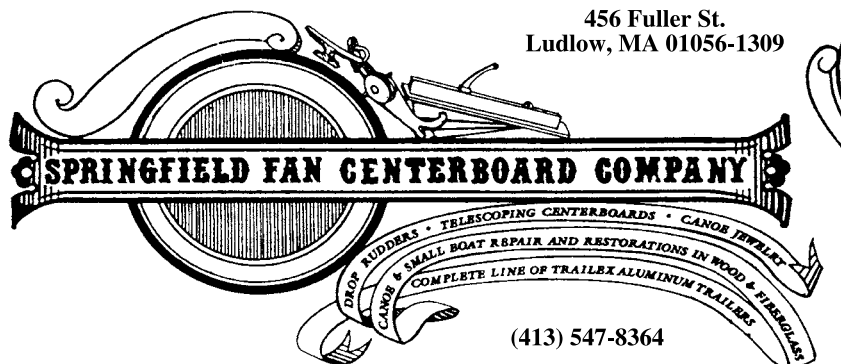
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16' Double-Ended Dory, traditionally built, on Load-Rite galvanized trlr w/new tires. Built in '09 of clear northern white pine lapstrake on white oak frames, copper rivets, bronze & ss fasteners, 1/2" white oak false bottom over 1" clear pine, ash gunnels, thwarts & grating. 4 8' oars w/leathers, tanbark sprit rigged sail new '10. Rudder, leeboard, 12' ash steering oar. Always stored in boatshed. \$3,500. She just isn't big enough for a family of 5. *Escape* has sailed/rowed Lake George, NY, Narragansett Bay, RI Cape Porpoise, ME, Portsmouth Harbor NH, Casco Bay & islands from Portland to Small Point, ME as well as the Mystic CT and Merrimack MA rivers. Ideally I would trade for a Seaward Slipper or catboat but ...
DON DILL, NH, (603) 456-3016, ddill1@tds.net (11)



19' Atkin XLNC Utility Skiff, designed by William & John Atkin. *Ravenstrike* was launched in '98. She is lapstrake cypress, fastened w/copper rivets. Bottom is cross-planked cypress w/silicon bronze screws. Power is 3 cyl 20hp Yanmar, fresh water cooled w/keel coolers & water cooled exhaust. Engine has about 55hrs. Color pictures of boat & significant additional info about *Ravenstrike* are available on the website of Cannell Payne & Page, Yacht Brokers under their powerboat headings, as I have listed the boat for sale with them. You may call me directly as their commission is protected if I should sell it. Asking price is \$25,000 which will seem reasonable if you view her on their site.
TURNER MATTHEWS, Bradenton FL, (941) 794-8722. (10)



Florida Bay Peep Hen, by Sovereign Yachts, '97. 15'x6'x18", 300lbs. ballast. 119sf gaff (cat) rig, easily raised & lowered. 5hp 4-stroke Mercury OB, 5 hrs. Tlr w/jack & spare. Cruising amenities above deck incl cockpit cushions, bimini, & screened cockpit enclosure. Below are 2 berths, small galley, portable head & plenty of stowage. Forward on deck is a well for ground tackle. Cond of all components is exc. \$6,500.
BILL LONG, NJ, (856)786-1599, goldnoldies56@yahoo.com (10)



True North, available, 28'x7'x1' Shearwater yawl, gd cond. Bolger designed, Edey & Duff built, '87, #7, '97 Yamaha 10hp, 2 axle trlr/brakes, full cockpit tent, dodger, awnings. \$15,000,
MIKE HOWSLEY, DeRidder, LA, (337) 462-9384, <http://s1258.photobucket.com/albums/ii530/snappy64/TRUE%20NORTH-Shearwater%20sailboat/>, mhows@ymail.com (10)



'57 17' Skipper Craft Wooden Runabout, w/Sea Land trlr & 50hp Merc. Top re-laminated, hull repainted. Incl original brochure & receipt. Runs like a demon.
BRYAN ROMANOWSKI, Cedar Knolls NJ, (973) 637-0776, BRomanowsky@gmail.com (11) (P)

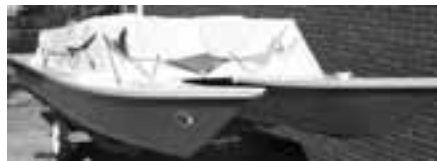
16' Old Town Canoe, wood & canvas, '20s I believe. Gd cond structurally, a few cracked ribs, needs re-covering & new keel, seat repair & caning. Could be patched & used gently until winter, then restored. \$650 **Cut-down Old Town War Canoe**, 16' w/transom. Was covered w/fg & polyester resin which kept the structure in vy gd cond & is easily removable. Needs re-covering & as much restoring as you would like. It would be possible to build a new stern, or acquire another damaged one for parts, or use as an easily driven skiff. \$500. I am willing to help w/transportation in Southern NE. Can e-mail pictures if interested.
JIM GLISTA, Enfield, CT, (860) 745-2243, jtg.2319@yahoo.com. (10)

Unfinished Project, here's a project that I will never finish offered as a package deal: Pacific galv boat trlr w/Extend-A-Hitch, only used twice, for \$3,000 (under my cost), and Toy, my 22' foot Chinese rigged (190sf) sailing dory for FREE. I've got \$11,430.15 invested in the boat & trlr, and 797.5 hours labor on the boat, but have never solved launching & retrieval problems. I now realize that even if I did, trailering is not my thing. The boat has a weighted drop keel, birdsmouth hollow mast & jointed aluminum battens. There's an o/b motor well. Below is unfinished except for 2 berths & a head compartment. Hatches are Maurice Griffiths double coaming style. There's remote anchor deployment forward, all marine ply covered w/Xylol/epoxy. Boat & trlr are registered & up-to-date. Trlr specs: 1 axle, GVWR 2,500lbs. All, including the trlr ball, await a new owner here in my Mill Valley, CA driveway. Perhaps the new owner would one day take me out for a spin.

DEREK VAN LOAN, Mill Valley, CA, (415) 388-0743, dervanloan@yahoo.com (10)

Raggedy Annie, '84 Seaward Slipper 17 totally rigged for solo sailing & living aboard for extended periods of time while cruising. She draws 16" swing c/b up & about 4' when fully down. Reconditioned from rigging to sails, interior etc. in '05-'08 by seller under the supervision of master boat builder, David Laux. New red sails, CDI furler for the jib, all lines led aft, 1 main halyard winch. New standing rigging & c/b pennant & c/b. Nissan long shaft 4hp o/b. Twin bunk in forepeak. Outfitted for solo use but could be a sleeper for 3 easily. Trlr w/electric brakes, full roller bunks w/64 rollers, new '09. Drop axle for easy launch & retrieval. 2-speed winch on trlr. Price w/trailer & motor \$3,500.

ANNE WESTLUND, Cedarville, MI, (906) 484-6803 early evenings, westlund@lighthouse.net (10)



Boat Trailer, \$300 with FREE Bolger Fishcat. Optional. 25hp long shaft Yamaha 4-stroke w/ tanks & battery (only 50 hours). \$3,000. MALCOLM FIFER, Warrior, AL, (205) 590-0169, msfifer@bellsouth.net (11) (P)

17' Wood Canoe, built by F.W. Young, Auburn-dale, MA. Caned seats, 3 paddles. \$995. RICHARD DOWNES, Mashpee, MA, (508) 539-3944. (10)

Bristol 29.9 Sloop, '79, IB Yanmar Diesel. Halsey Herreshoff designed cruiser. Quantum sails in vy gd cond. Spinnaker & whisker pole. Stable & comfortable cruiser. 30' length, 10-1/2' beam, 4-1/2' draft. New standing rigging, lifelines, cushions, etc.. In great shape & ready to cruise. Located boat yard Eliot, ME. See ad Craigslist, ME. JACK MAULL, Exeter, NH, 603) 772-0826, jmaull@ehr.org (10)

Klepper Aeries 2-Seater Folding Kayak, old but in like new cond. Used less than a dozen times. Original 3 packing bags, snap lock wooden frame allows assembly in under 20 minutes, Klepper wooden paddles. Available in northern CA but can easily be shipped. \$1500 or NBO. RUDY DOORMANN, Napa, CA, (707) 265-8415, rdoormann@vom.com (10)

GEAR FOR SALE

Evinrude O/B, 25hp, long shaft, manual start, mid '80s, exc cond. \$350. BILL SCHWICK, Rockaway Point, Queens, NY, (718) 634-1819. (11)

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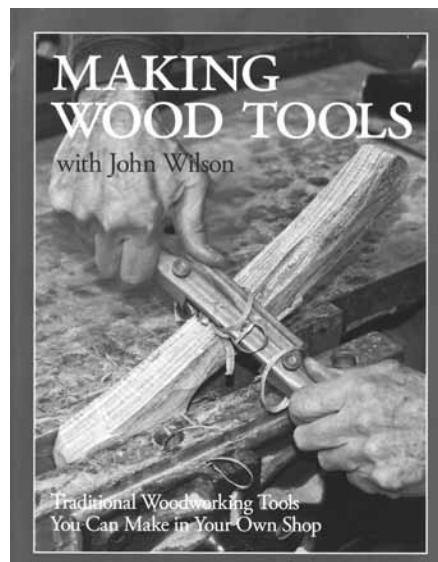
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Wee Lassie Strongback/Mold, for original McCarthy plan, nice cond. \$125. JOHN EBERLE, Redding, CT, (203) 938-0749 (10)

4 WC 1-1/2" Bronze Pintles, fit 1-1/2" thick rudder, never used, pintle is 4-3/4", side is 5", \$20/4 or \$10/2 a pair. BOB GUESS, Norfolk, VA (757)440-1101, bob.guess@cox.net

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Kayaks of Greenland, by Harvey Golden, 575pg softcover containing vast text and illustration detail about Eskimo kayaks. New cond, retails at \$70, yours for \$40 postpaid. **Marine Conversions**, by Nigel Warren, 145pg hardcover printed in England in '78. Goes into detail about converting small auto engines for marine use. Gd cond, \$15 postpaid. **Seagull**, 46pg parts catalog printed in England in '78 by British Seagull Co. New cond, \$10 postpaid. ROBERT WHITTIER, 17 Lodgepole Ln., Kingstonton, MA 02364. (11)

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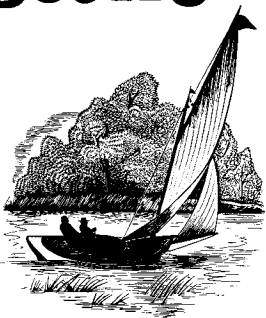
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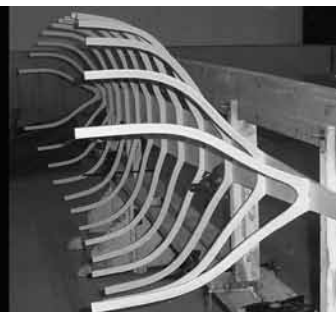
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We have a half-dozen orders for kits on the wall and can accept 5 or so more before we start building next years boats. Our kit consists of all the wood and metal parts you will need to build this boat. We also offer a supply package...which some kit builders need...and others wave away with, "I have all that."

You needn't be a boatbuilder to build one of our boats, you needn't even be a great woodworker....just a patient spirit and some wood working experience. If you go to our website and click on "guideboat kits" you can see boats that have been built from our kits. Also, at the bottom of our home-page is a link "how we build a wooden boat" and you can see the building process.

Cedar strips are included in the kit, as are ribs, stems, seats, gunwales, oar blanks, oar hardware, cherry decks, bottomboard, floorboards, rub strips, a glassing video, a photo cd, a builder's manual and our phone number.

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Upcoming Shows

Sept 20-3 Norwalk Boat Show, CT
Oct 4-8 Annapolis Sailboat Show, MD
Oct 11-14 Annapolis Powerboat Show, MD
Oct 26-28 Country Living Fair, Atlanta, GA
Nov 2-3 Urbanna Oyster Festival, VA
Nov 8-11 Waterfowl Festival, Easton, MD

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